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THE COST OF A PLEASURE.

[From the Spanish of José Rosas.]

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

UPON the valley's lap,
The dewy morning throws
A thousand pearly drops,
To wake a single rose.

Thus often, in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

BIANCA AND BEPPO.

BY J. S. STACY.

BIANCA and Beppo were two little Italian children. Their father was a duke, and they lived years and years ago, when a brilliant and cruel woman named Catherine de Medici was living her wicked life. I shall not tell you what she did, for this story is about Bianca and Beppo. It will be enough for you to know that, through her wickedness, a terrible trouble came to the home where these children lived.

It was a beautiful castle, adorned with fine pictures, lovely statuary, and flowers that bloomed at nearly every window; and the brilliant colors on its walls and floors were so cunningly mingled, that they were known to be there only by a sense of brightness that filled the great rooms. There were singing birds too, that sang just as our birds sing to-day. But pictures, or flowers, or birds, were not half so bright, blooming, and merry as

Beppo and Bianca. Their father used to say that the very armor hanging in his halls, tingled with their childish laughter.

One night, when their mother was away on a visit, the children lying in their little carved and gilded beds, side by side, were wakened by a smothered noise, as if men were scuffling below; and after that they could not go to sleep again, because the castle was so very, very still. For a long time they lay trembling and silent; at last Beppo said:

"Bianca, wait thou here while I go down and speak to our father. Perhaps he is still asleep. There has been evil work done, and I should have roused him long ago."

"Nay, Beppo," said Bianca, shuddering, "our men have been fighting, and it may be their swords are drawn yet. Do not go among them. Thou

knowest how the people of the wicked duke Faustino fell upon Martigni one night when they were drunken, and nearly killed him. Martigni is taller by a head than thou art."

"Aye, but the duke's attendants do not care for their household, and ours love us well; besides," said Beppo, proudly, "I could handle a sword myself, if need be."

"Take me with thee," said Bianca.

So the two children rose softly, and hastily putting on their clothes, stole down the dark, stone

ing from the chamber, out into the long dark hall, and on through the great oaken door that, standing open, led to a marble terrace.

Beppo followed her. On his way he saw one of the duke's attendants lying very still.

"Fesco! Fesco! are you hurt?" called Beppo, again and again.

But Fesco did not answer; and, with a shudder, the boy bounded past him and joined Bianca on the terrace.

Down the long walk, past the beautiful gar-



"HARK!" SAID BEPPO; "WHAT IS THAT?"

stairway together. Once a ray of moonlight, coming through a high narrow window overhead, made them start, but when they reached their father's chamber and found the door wide open, the bed empty, disordered, and signs of violence in the moon-lighted room, they clung to each other in dread and terror.

"What ho!" cried Beppo, finding voice at last, "without, there!"

There was no answer.

Bianca, hardly knowing what she did, ran scream-

den, and out through the open gateway they flew together, two little half-clad children, chilly with fear on that warm, bright night, and trembling at every sound. O, if their father would but return!

The forest was near by—gloomy and grim now in its shadows—but safer, at any rate, than the open highway. They would hide there, they thought, till morning.

But the night was nearly over, and very soon the faint streaks that lit the edge of the sky spread and grew brighter and brighter. The children sat

on a mound of earth for a while and with tearful eyes watched the growing light. Then Bianca found some fruit that she had stowed the day before in a satchel hanging from her girdle. She put it into Beppo's cap, and begged him to eat.

"I cannot," said Beppo. "Hark! what is that?"

They listened. It was a faint sound as of a child moaning.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Bianca, "what can it be?"

But when Beppo rose bravely and ran in the direction of the sound, she followed him, and peered as sharply as he into every bush. Suddenly Beppo sprang forward with a joyful cry.

He had seen his father.

In an instant the two children were bending over him, eagerly trying to catch his indistinct words.

"I have been wounded, my little ones," he said, slowly; "can you bring me water?"

They did not wait to wring their hands and cry. Beppo, forgetting his fears,—forgetting everything but that his father needed help,—flew to his home.

At the portal, whom should he see but Fesco, standing in the doorway, staring wildly about him.

The water was soon obtained, though it might have been brought sooner, if Beppo, in his excitement, had not forgotten the little stream near the great sycamore. And Beppo and Fesco ran to the forest together.

When they reached the spot where the duke lay, Bianca, under her father's directions, was doing all she could to staunch his wound; her little face was very pale, but she looked up with a bright smile as Beppo approached.

"Father says he will get well, Beppo, but we are not to move him from this soft bed, he says. See, I have heaped leaves under his head, and I brought water in my hands from the brook. And I have been praying, Beppo—we have been praying."

It is a long, long story, if you hear every word of it; but you will be glad to get quickly to the happy part. Beppo was right; there had been evil work. Fesco had been drugged, and had slept so heavily, that but for the fresh night-air blowing so steadily upon him, he might never have wakened.

The duke had been carried from the castle and stabbed. His guilty, frightened assassins, thinking

him dead, had thrown him into the forest. All of the duke's servants, excepting Fesco, had fled in terror at the first alarm.

Fesco now tried to induce his wounded master to be taken back to his own chamber, but the duke would not consent. He lay concealed in the forest for many days, and every day his children tended him by turns. They brought him cooling drinks and fruits, and fanned him when the breezes were low; and as he grew better they sang sweet little songs to him, and carried messages back and forth between the duke and Fesco. Meantime the frightened servants had returned; but Fesco knew he could not trust them with his secret. Only Mino, the old nurse, was told that the duke was alive, and that the children must be allowed to go to him; but Fesco threatened her with such terrible things if she breathed a word about it, that she was only too glad to pretend to mourn her master's loss with the other servants. The duke sent word to his wife, through the faithful Fesco, to stay in safe quarters for a while, until he should be able to join her; and the two children, busy as bees, and thoughtful, night and day, for their dear patient hidden in the forest, were happy as children could be. It was Bianca's delight to gather flowers in the coolest places and heap them up under her father's head; and Beppo was proud to stand guard at his father's feet, sword in hand, ready to fight off any enemy that might approach.

But no enemy came, only the good friends health and strength. And one night the duke and Fesco and the children, disguised as gypsies, rode away in an old wagon for miles and miles, until at last they came to a shepherd's cottage, where the duchess was waiting for them; and a happier meeting than theirs never took place on earth.

Do you want to hear more?

After that, Beppo's father and mother went to live, for a while, in Germany, taking their children with them, while Fesco stayed at home to look after his master's possessions. But one fine day, something happened, or somebody relented or changed in some way which I do not exactly know, for I have never heard the particulars, so that the duke and his family were able to go back and live in their castle peacefully and happily; and once more the old walls rang with the merry laughter of Bianca and Beppo.

WHAT'S THE FUN?

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

"WHAT a curious world is ours!
 Full of months and days and hours;
 What's the good of January?
 What's the use of February?
 Tell me, mamma, all their reasons,—
 What's the fun of months and seasons?"

"What's the fun of January?
 Bitter frosts and winds contrary!
 Snowballs flying, children shying,
 Skaters swiftest races trying,
 Snow men standing grim and ghostly,
 Snow forts, breached and battered mostly,
 Sleigh-bells jingling, fingers tingling,
 Icicles as long as lances,
 Diamond dust that gleams and glances,
 Ice-bound lakes and gales contrary,—
That's the fun of January!



"What's the fun of February?
 Skies that change, and winds that vary!
 Freezing flaws, flooding thaws,—
 In and out of Winter's jaws.
 Then we send our valentines
 Billet-doux and tender lines,
 Blazing hearts, winged darts;
 Cupid's king of coaxing arts!
 Then each John may choose his Mary,
 Spite of skies and winds that vary,—
That's the fun of February!

"What's the fun of March the boisterous?
 Then the winds are wild and roisterous!
 Snow-flakes blowing, Winter's going:
 That is why he's mad and boisterous!
 All his bluster and his noise
 Can't deprive us of our joys.
 Call the boys, bring the toys,

Games so jolly, dolls so arch,
Nuts to crack and corn to parch;
Lulu's birthday comes in March,
Comes with freak and frolic roisterous,—
That's the fun of March the boisterous!



“What's the fun of April showery?
Then the heavens are gray and lowery,
Rain-drops fall, soaking all;
Where the brooks were, torrents brawl;
And the soft incessant showers
Wake at last the sleeping flowers.
Lads at school, spite of rule,
Play their pranks for April fool;
Jolly they, though skies be lowery,—
That's the fun of April showery!

“What's the fun of May the tender?
May's so fair, no art could mend her,
For she brings all the spring's
Long-desired exultant splendor.
Soft and green the sunny sedges,
Sweet the snowy-blossomed hedges,
Golden-starred the roadside edges;
Fragrance rare everywhere
Breathes through all the heavenly air;
Fair with all the spring's young splendor,—
That's the fun of May the tender!



“What's the fun of June the glorious?
Queen of months she reigns victorious!
Blooms she showers, seas of flowers,
Decking woods and meads and
bowers.
Skies are blue and zephyrs quiet,
Birds and birdlings all run riot,
Chirp and song all day long
Trilling from the woodland throng.
Fair at evening, morn and noon,
Regal, radiant, jubilant June,
Queen of months she reigns victori-
ous,—
That's the fun of June the glorious!



"What's the fun of hot July, then?
Cooling fruitlets you may try them;
Plump gooseberries, ruby cherries,
Currants red, and whortleberries;

Just the time for cherry pie then.
In the sun's resplendent rays
Scarlet lilies flame and blaze.

Now the glorious Fourth appears,
Gay with guns and flags and cheers,
Horses prancing, helmets glancing,
Children's eyes with pleasure dancing,
Fire-works hissing, whirling, whizzing!
Fiery rockets rush on high then,—
That's the fun of hot July, then!

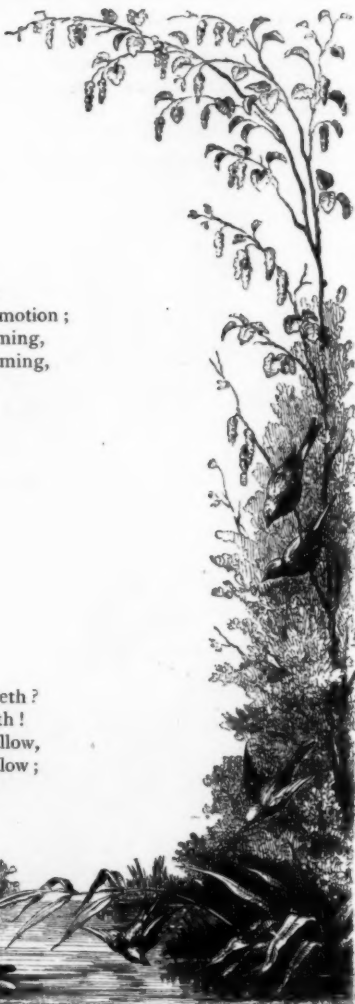
"What's the fun of August burning?
Weary folks are seaward turning.
In the streets torrid heats
Quiver where the fierce sun beats.

By the ocean, coolness, motion,
Beauty's found, and waves' commotion;
Breakers roaring, swimmers swimming,
Spray and foam and bubbles brimming,



Dainty crafts their white wings trimming;
Vanished health and heart returning,—
That's the fun of August burning!

"What's the fun September bringeth?
Nature's treasures wide she flingeth!
Pumpkins round and ripe and yellow,
Apples sound and sweet and mellow;
Stacks of grain, safe from rain,



Granaries almost filled to bursting;
By the hill the cider-mill
Turns its wheels and sets us thirsting;
Corn and beans from far afield,
White and gold a bounteous yield;
Lavish hoards abroad she flingeth,—
That's the fun September bringeth!

"What's the fun of red October?
Then the earth doth gayly robe her;
On the woods, scarlet hoods;
On hills and dales, purple veils,
Golden crowns, and gorgeous trails;—
Autumn's glory summer pales!
Bring the nuts and apples in,
Stuff the bags and cram the bin;
That's the way the sports begin,
While the earth doth richly robe her,—
That's the fun of red October!

"What's the fun of drear November?
Gather round the glowing ember,
While it flashes, darts, and dashes;
Toast the chestnuts in the ashes.
Homeward call the wanderers cheery,

Hearts are light, though skies are dreary;
Once a year, with good cheer,
Glad Thanksgiving brings them near;—
Best of days, when we praise
Him who orders all our ways!
Happiest days, when round the fire
Loved ones gather nigh and nigher.
Pile the hickory high and higher!
Fan the flame and blow the ember,—
That's the fun of drear November!

"What's the fun of sharp December.
Can't my little lass remember?
Days are shorter, nights are colder,
For the year is growing older.
Never mind, fun's behind,
Santa Claus is always kind!
Christmas, long a-coming, comes,—
Clear the way for sugar-plums,
Tops and books and dolls and drums!
Royal cheer, carols clear,—
So we crown the happy year!
Lulu, lassie, please remember,
That's the fun of sharp December!"



"SNOW MEN STANDING GRIM AND GHOSTLY."

FAST FRIENDS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Author of the "Jack Hazard" Stories.

CHAPTER V.

"A BAD FIX."

"LET us off! put us ashore!" cried George, rushing hither and thither. "Where's the captain of this boat?" he shouted, furiously.

"Hush your noise!" said the Other Boy, catching him by the coat-tail, and trying to hold him. "Be quiet, I tell you."

"Be quiet? when that pickpocket has got my money?" George retorted, with uncontrollable excitement. "I can't go to New York without money!"

"You can't go ashore either," said the Other Boy.

"I will, if I have to swim!"

"And leave your trunk aboard?"

George had n't thought of his trunk. "But I'm ruined!"

"So am I," said the Other Boy, with a self-mastery quite in contrast with George's agitation. "But what's the use of making a ridiculous fuss? Don't you see everybody's laughing at us?"

There was too much truth in that. Not that the spectators were heartless; but, really, the aspect of our tall young poet rushing wildly about, bewailing his loss, shrieking for the captain, and demanding in an agony of despair to be put ashore,—his hat fallen back on his head, his hair tumbled, and his hands stretching far out of his short coat-sleeves,—was too ludicrous not to move the mirth of the most sympathizing breast.

George, perceiving the justness of the remark, and being sensitive to ridicule, calmed himself a little.

"But what *shall* we do?" he implored.

"That's more than I know!" replied the Other Boy, despairingly; "but tearing around in this fashion won't help matters. You can't expect the steamboat will put back just to land us! And I would n't go back if I could."

"Why not?"

"What would be the use? There would n't be one chance in a thousand of getting our money again, even if we should catch the pickpocket."

"The youngster is right," said a plain old gentleman, who had been carefully observing the boys. "The two men who crowded so close to you when you were holding the one in a fit, were probably his accomplices. You noticed they stayed ashore

too, did n't you? There's no knowing which of 'em took your money, or which has it now. It's probably divided by this time. The fit was, of course, a sham, a trick to lay hold of you, and get at your pockets."

"I had twenty-nine dollars!" said George, in doleful accents, remembering how long he had been laying up that little sum, which seemed so large a sum to him.

"And I had forty!" said the Other Boy, ruefully; "it was all I could scrape together for my journey. Now, what I am going to do, I don't know any more than you do. But I'd rather be in New York than in Albany. There's a better chance of finding something to do there. Besides, that's where *my* business is, at any rate."

George began to recover his spirits. Perhaps he remembered the manuscripts in his trunk.

"But," he objected, "I have n't a cent! I can't even pay my passage!"

"Nor I. And I don't believe the clerk will be so unreasonable as to expect us to, when he knows the circumstances. The best way will be to go straight to the office and tell him."

George agreed that that would be the most frank and honorable course. But first they looked for a man to whom the runner had introduced them, and who had engaged that they should have their tickets at the reduced rates. In searching for him they learned that tickets were selling to everybody at twenty-five cents, "for that day only;" so they concluded to go without him.

There was a large crowd pressing towards the office, and it was some time before they, in their turn, arrived at the window.

"Twenty-five cents," said the clerk, who stood ready to shove them their tickets, and sweep back their money.

"We have had our pockets picked," said the Other Boy.

"Just as the boat left the wharf," added George, over his shoulder.

"Twenty-five cents!" repeated the clerk, firmly. "If you have n't any money, pass along, and make room for them that have."

"But," the Other Boy remonstrated, "we have been robbed, and we thought certainly —"

"How many?" said the clerk to the next comer. "Four tickets, one dollar." And he pushed out the tickets, and drew in the dollar, then attended

to the next man. He appeared to have no more feeling for our unlucky boys than if he had been a machine.

"Never mind!" said the Other Boy, with a stern smile, his face slightly flushed. "It's a bad fix; but we are bound for New York!"

George's face was very much flushed. His feet were cold as ice. All his vital forces seemed to have rushed to his head to see what the matter was, and to press their assistance at an alarming crisis. It was like an impetuous crowd of citizens rushing to defend a breach in the walls, where a handful of disciplined troops would render much better service. Such excessive excitability is, no doubt, a defect of character, until it has been mastered by a wise head and firm will, when what was before a source of weakness becomes an element of strength.

George envied his companion the self-control he was able to preserve on such an occasion; and he remembered, with shame, some too valorous lines in his "Farewell."

"Fare-thee-well, thou mighty forest!
While with battling winds thou warrest,
Forth my storm-defying vessel
(Ribs of kindred oak) I steer,
With the gales of fate to wrestle,
As thou strivest with them here!"

"Let the tempest drive and pour!
Let the thunders rave and roar!
Let the black vault yawn above,
Lightning riven!
Naught my steadfast star shall move
From its heaven!"

Thus he had written, and thus he had felt (or fancied he felt), the night before his departure from home. And now, here he was, thrown into a flurry of excitement by the loss of a paltry pocket-book!

"We may as well take it easy," said the Other Boy; and they went forward to some piles of rope at the bow, where they ensconced themselves, and sat watching the bright waters rushing past, and the scenery on the shores, and talked over the situation. "Now, let's look this thing square in the face, and see just what our prospects are, and if there is any way out of the scrape."

George replied that he could not see any possible way out.

"You've the advantage over me," said the Other Boy. "You're going to the city to stay,—to earn money. I was n't intending to stop there long. I expected to spend money,—not to earn

any. And now I have n't a dime to spend! You see, I'm in an awful scrape."

"You are; that's a fact!" said George, sympathetically, yet secretly comforted by the thought that his own bad luck was not the worst. And he added, "We ought to stick together, anyhow, and help each other if we can."

"I'm not the fellow to say no to that!" laughed the Other Boy. "I promise to stand by you, as long as you'll stand by me."

"Then we are fast friends," exclaimed George, warmly. "Whatever comes,—good luck or bad luck,—we'll suffer and share alike, if you say so."



"THE OLD GENTLEMAN HANDED THEM HALF A DOLLAR."

And having made this compact, both boys felt their hearts lightened. Not only does misery love company, but our courage to confront a frowning and uncertain future is more than doubled by the trust inspired by a friend at our side.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE BOYS PAID THEIR FARE.

WHILE they were talking, a stout man, with an official air, came along and asked if they were the fellows who could n't pay their fare.

"We had our pockets picked just as we came aboard," began George, "and we have n't any money; and we —"

"I know the rest," interrupted the man: "you need n't tell it."

"You saw the operation?" said George, eagerly.

"No. But I've heard the story rather too many times; no danger of my forgetting it!"

"From the passengers?" said George, who, simple-hearted and inexperienced, was too much inclined to take every sober man's word in earnest. But the Other Boy detected sarcasm in the man's cold tone of voice.

"From just such fellows as you," replied the man. "It's a fine excuse for shirking your fares,—you've lost your money, or had your pockets picked,—the same thing; one story's as good as another; and neither will go down with me."

George looked aghast; while the Other Boy spoke up quickly—

"Plenty of people saw the pickpockets take our money; and if you don't believe us —"

"I'll believe *you* as soon as I'll believe a man who says he saw a pickpocket take your money, and did n't report him on the spot. He's no better than a pickpocket himself."

The boys felt the force of this argument; and, indeed, how could any spectator know that they had not been playing a game, in order to make it appear that they were robbed? Although one must have allowed that, at least, George's consternation at his loss was either very real, or very well acted, indeed.

"We tell you the truth!" said George, with a sincerity that ought to have been convincing.

"And if you won't believe us, or those persons who saw the whole affair," added his companion, falling back upon a certain stubbornness, and defiance of the worst, which were marked traits in his character, "I don't know what you'll do about it."

"That's simple enough," replied the man.

"You pay your fares or you'll be put ashore at the next landing." He turned away, but paused, and added in the same business-like tone, "You've no baggage, of course."

"Yes, we have baggage," said George.

The man appeared a little surprised. No doubt it was unusual for such tricksters as he took them for, to be encumbered with luggage, but he did not relent.

"You'd better get it ready," he said. "You'll be put off at Hudson, and you won't want to go without your traps."

"This is lovely!" said the Other Boy, knitting his brows and compressing his lips, while his companion was simply confounded.

"We don't want to be left at Hudson, or any other place!" George said, pale with alarm.

"Only twenty-five cents! Just think of it!" ex-

claimed the Other Boy, with a laugh which did not have an overflowing amount of mirth in it.

"That's too absurd! They never'll do it!"

"I'm afraid they will! Why not?" asked George.

"They'll threaten us, to make us fork over our fares if we have any money, of course; but when they find we have n't, they can't be so mean! Besides, the passengers who saw the affair will interfere. I'm not going ashore at Hudson! Come! we'll find some of them. There's that old gentleman!"

He was the same who had spoken to the boys before. He now listened kindly to their story and said:

"No, I don't think they will really put you off the boat; but you can't blame them for being a little suspicious of you, there are so many rogues trying all the while to cheat them out of their fares."

"And so we, who are innocent, must suffer because there are imposters!" exclaimed George, indignantly.

"Yes, that's the way it works. If everybody was honest," said the old gentleman, "then we should have no cause to lock our doors or shut our ears to the appeals of the unfortunate. So you see how uncomfortable liars and knaves make the world for us. But I think I know honest boys when I see them, and I am satisfied you tell the truth. It's a small matter, and I may save you some trouble by lending you the amount of our fares."

"Oh!" said both boys at once.

The old gentleman handed them half a dollar, saying, "Now you need n't give yourselves any trouble about it; but when it is perfectly convenient you may repay me. Here is my card."

The boys thanked him as well as they could,—the tongue never can speak what the heart feels at such times,—and George said:

"I wish you would go with us, sir, and tell that man that you lend us the money, for I don't want him to think we had it in our pockets all the time."

"That's natural," said the old gentleman; and, as they soon met the officer coming towards them again, he accosted him, and standing by the boys, explained why they were then able to pay their fares, and bore his testimony to their honesty.

"I'm glad you are satisfied," replied the man, "and I hope you'll see your money again!"

"I'm sure I shall, if they are prospered," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "By the way, boys, I believe I neglected to take your names."

"Mine is *George Greenwood*."

"A gentle is Joh

"Y walked bow, said it "TI almost for us you thi

"Ce howeve about t ary hop in almo you, wi and of a than a

was qu genuine of an eg in his se would t hear his

"You gave me but that Hazara go by, and he knew an

"You once." "Yes rememb who ca Hazard

who ran soon as path an sort of speak of rags and

"You "Mot Captain place. I enough, old Jack, But she self, — o scarcely

"And mine," said the Other Boy, as the old gentleman began to write in his note book, "mine is *John H. Chatford*."

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER BOY'S STORY.

"YOU have n't told me yet," said George, as he walked back with his friend to their seat in the bow, "what you are going to New York for. You said it was a strange business."

"That's the reason; it's so very strange I'm almost afraid to speak of it! But it's about time for us to begin to be frank with each other,—don't you think so? if we are to be fast friends."

"Certainly!" said George, who had not yet, however, said a word to his new acquaintance about the poems he had written, or his secret literary hopes. There are boys—and men too—who, in almost the first hour of their intercourse with you, will tell you of everything they have done, and of all they propose to do, with no more reserve than a cackling fowl. George, on the other hand, was quite too shy of making confidants, being genuinely modest and self-contained, and too little of an egotist to imagine everybody else interested in his schemes. But he was beginning to think he would tell his friend something, and he longed to hear his story.

"You noticed," said the Other Boy, "that I gave my name as *Chatford* to the old gentleman, but that is not my real name. The *H.* stands for *Hazard*.—*Jack Hazard* is the name I generally go by, but Mr. Chatford is the man I live with, and he is just like a father to me, and as I never knew any other father, I've lately taken his name."

"You said you were a driver on the canal once."

"Yes; the canal is almost the first thing I can remember. I've some recollection of a woman who called herself my mother; her name was Hazard; she married old Captain Jack Berrick, who ran a scow, and who made a driver of me as soon as I was big enough to toddle on the tow-path and carry a whip. You can imagine what sort of a bringing-up I had! No schooling to speak of,—the worst sort of companions,—dirt and rags and profanity!"

"You perfectly astonish me!" said George.

"Mother Hazard died in the meanwhile, and Captain Jack had taken another woman in her place. Molly Berrick was a good-hearted creature enough, and many a time she took my part against old Jack, who used to beat me when he was drunk. But she was a little too fond of the brown jug herself,—one of those low, ignorant women you scarcely meet with anywhere except on the canal."

"How did you ever get away from such people?"

"I ran away. Old Jack knocked me down and threw me overboard one evening, and I crept out on the shore into some bushes, and then cut for my life. After some curious adventures I found a home with the Chatfords,—just the best people that ever lived,—at Peach Hill Farm. A niece of theirs, Miss Felton, now Mrs. Percy Lanman, kept the district school, and gave me private lessons, and corrected my bad language, and encouraged me in every way to improve my mind and my manners. I can never tell you how much I owe to her and my other good friends," added Jack, in a faltering voice. "Then I went to school the next winter to the man she afterwards married,—a fine teacher and a splendid fellow! Besides, I've been a good deal with her brother, Forrest Felton, who is a surveyor and a music teacher, and I've learned ever so many things of him, and from the books he has lent me. Then again, last winter we had a good teacher, and I've read and studied at home at odd spells."

"How did you get your money?" George inquired.

"In various ways. In the first place I took a sugar-bush with Moses Chatford, and we made a little out of that. Then we took some land to work, and last year raised a crop of wheat. Then I had a horse. It's curious how I came by him. I'll tell you all about it some time, and any number of scrapes I've been in, and about my dog Lion, and the 'Lectrical 'Lixir man, and the Pipkins,—the funniest couple,—and Phin Chatford, and Byron Dinks and his school, and his old uncle Peternot, and the treasure the old man and I had a fight over, and Constable Sellick, and how I got away from him by swimming through a culvert under the canal, and plenty of other things that would make a pretty thick book if they were all put into a story.* But I'm telling you now about this journey."

"And how you raised the money for it," said George, who, though a couple of years older, had yet been able to save less than Jack, and who wondered how any farm-boy could become possessed of so much.

"You see," replied Jack, "Deacon Chatford has been very liberal with us boys. He believes that is the right way to encourage us. He finds we do twice as much work, and like it ever so much better, and care less about spending our money foolishly, when we have an interest in what we're doing."

* For a full account of these adventures, see the preceding stories of this series, "*Jack Hazard and his Fortunes*," "*A Chance for Himself*," and "*Doing His Best*."—J. T. T.

"And you like farming?" said George, wonderingly.

"Better than I like anything, except surveying."

"I hate farming!" exclaimed the young poet, with a look of intense disgust.

"May be that's partly owing to the way you've been put to it. Besides," said Jack, "I don't believe all boys have a natural liking for the same thing. I was made for a stirring out-door life; I like to see work going on, and to have something to say about it. I'd like well enough to be a farmer all my days; but I'd like better still to be a civil engineer, or something of that kind. You, I fancy now, have a turn for something else. What do you take to?"

"I'll tell you some time, perhaps," said George, with a blush. "But let's have your story now."

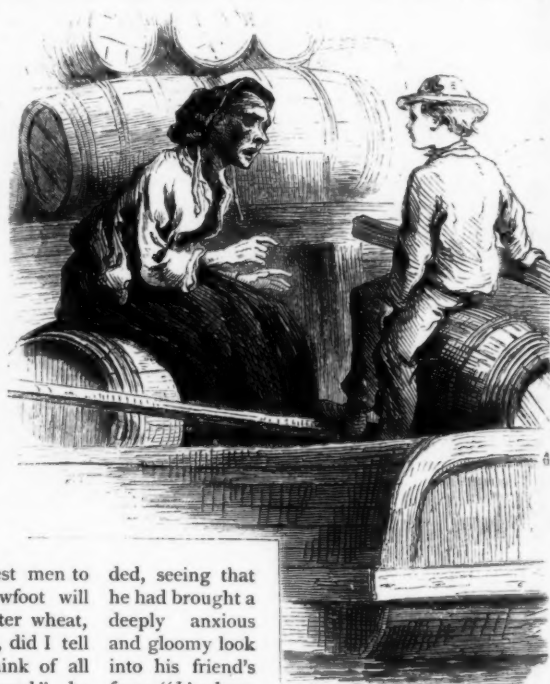
"Well, when I saw that I was going to travel,—you see, I could n't very well help myself, such a strange thing had happened,—I just counted up my savings, and found that out of my sugar-money, and my wheat-money, and what Forrest Felton had paid me for helping him survey land, I had salted down, as they say, only about twenty-six dollars; for I buy my own books and clothes now, you know. That could n't be depended on, of course, for such a journey as I might have to make; it would n't much more than take me to New York and back. So I went to Mr. Chatford, and borrowed all the money he could spare,—twenty-five dollars,—on pretty good security. He keeps my horse. He's one of the kindest men to his dumb beasts, and I am sure Snowfoot will have good care. Then there is my winter wheat,—for Moses and I have a crop growing, did I tell you? And now," added Jack, "to think of all my own money, and what I had borrowed"—he clenched his hand and struck the pile of rope a sudden blow. "Hanging is too good for such pickpockets. Common thieving is bad enough, anyway; but to have a man take advantage of your good impulses, and steal your purse while you are doing an act of humanity,—or suppose you are —"

Jack almost choked with a sense of the wrong, then he went on, more calmly: "The purse was one Mrs. Lanman knit and gave me before she was married. I had it stolen from me once before, but got it again; I'll tell you about it some time. But there's no chance of my ever seeing it again, now!"

"You don't know about that; stranger things

have happened," said George, who seemed to take this misfortune more calmly than Jack, now that the first excitement was over.

"Well," said Jack, "the money is gone,—yours as well as mine,—and we shall be in New York this evening, and to-morrow is Sunday!—have you thought of that?—and if we don't hit upon some way of raising the wind, we shall have to camp down at night in a coal shed, or creep into an old hoghead or dry-goods box;—that won't be so hard for me as for you; I've done it before. But how about something to eat? Never mind," Jack ad-



MOLLY AND JACK.

ded, seeing that he had brought a deeply anxious and gloomy look into his friend's face; "I've been in worse scrapes, and I bet we'll find some way out of this. We've all day to think of it. And—I started to tell you what I'm going to New York for. Somehow, I can't make up my mind to that!"

"Here's Hudson, where we were going to be put off!" exclaimed George.

The boys watched the steamboat's approach to the landing, and wondered how it would really have seemed to be put ashore there, and what they would have done; then Jack continued his story.

"It was last Saturday—only a week ago to-day, though it seems months, I've lived such a life since then!—I was coming home from the Basin, walk-

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ing down the canal, on the *heel-path*, when I overtook an old scow, moving scarcely faster than the current. Now, I take a pretty lively interest in scows; and I'm always looking to see if my old square-toed friend is among them. You see, a fellow can't help a sort of sneaking feeling for what was once his home, even though it's nothing but an old floating hovel on the canal. 'Be it ever so humble,' as the song says,—and so forth. Well, this did n't happen to be Berrick's boat; but as I was watching it, I thought I saw, at the stern, a face I knew—a haggard woman's face, without a bonnet. I was n't quite certain; but I lifted my cap and bowed. At that she stared.

"'Jack Hazard,' says she, 'is that you?'"

"'Yes, Molly!'" I said, 'I'm Jack. How are you, and what's the news?'"

"'No good news for me, since you left us, Jack!'" says she.

"'You've swapped boats,' I said. 'Where's Captain Jack?'"

"'Berrick has left the canal, and he's left me!'" says she. 'Jack, come aboard here! I want to see ye, and tell ye something—something I never could tell ye as long as I was with old Jack.'

"That excited me a little; for I felt something unusual was coming. I had always known that Berrick and Molly kept a secret from me, and had thought a thousand times since I left them that I would give anything to know what it was.

"I was for getting aboard at once, but the scow was loaded, and could n't get over to the heel-path, and I had to run down a quarter of a mile to a bridge, and then, crossing over, go up and meet her on the other side. She laid up, and I jumped on, and shook hands with Molly, and asked what she had to tell me.

"'O, Jack!'" says she, 'I'm sick, and I sha'n't be able to make many trips more, unless I get better; and I'm so glad I've seen you; for it's troubled me that I've had a secret which you ought to know. Berrick kept it from you, for fear of losing his control of you; and after you got free of him, he said, "What's the use of telling the boy now? it'll do no good; and he may come back to us yet." But I knew you would n't come back.'

"Just then, she was taken with a fit of coughing, and had to go down to the cabin for some medicine. She beckoned to me to follow her. I went down, and—I never could begin to tell you how I felt, waiting for her to stop coughing and tell me the secret! You see, I knew it was something about myself. I told her so.

"'Yes, Jack,' says she, as soon as she could speak; 'that other woman—Berrick's other wife

—the widder Hazard, that was—she was n't your own mother, Jack!'"

"That was just what I thought was coming; for, you know, I had more than half suspected as much for a long time,—I can hardly tell why. Things seem to be in the air sometimes, and you breathe them in. But to hear Molly speak out what I had only felt *might be* gave me an awful shock.

"'Then, who *was* my mother?'" I said.

"'That I don't know,' says she. 'Berrick don't know. The widder Hazard picked you up in the streets of New York. She did n't steal you—she was n't the sort of woman to do that,' says Molly; 'she was good-hearted, but without much prudence or conscience, I guess. You was crying in the streets—a little fellow three or four years old—a lost child. She took you, and was going to give you to a policeman, but she did n't meet one all the way down the street from Broadway to the North River. She was cook on board a lake boat that was going up the river that night. She was a motherly creature, and you cried yourself to sleep in her bosom, and as she had lately lost a little boy, she fell in love with you.'

"'But did n't she try to find my parents?'" I said.

"'I'm afraid she did n't do what she ought to have done,' says Molly. 'That night the boat was taken in tow by a steamer, and came up the river, and then made her trip on the canal and around the lakes, and it was weeks before she ever got back to New York again; and when she did, Ma'am Hazard was n't with her. She had fallen in with Berrick and married him. You kept her name of Hazard, but you was called Jack after the old man.'

"I asked how Molly knew all this, for if it was from Berrick I would n't believe a word of it, he's such a liar. But she said she had the story from Mother Hazard herself.

"'I was with her the spring she died, when you was about seven,' says she, 'and she gave you into my charge, and told me to find your parents. But that Captain Jack never would let me do. He took us both on the scow that summer, and the very next summer you began to drive the team.'

"She could n't tell where Berrick was; she only knew that he sold the scow last winter, and went down to New York. Mother Hazard told her I had yellow curls, and wore a pink frock, white stockings, and red morocco shoes, when she picked me up, and that was all I could learn. You can imagine how excited I was!

"And this," said Jack, "is what has sent me off to New York. Mr. Chatford said all he could to dissuade me, and finally lent me the money, for he saw I was bound to make the journey. I am going to hunt up my relations."

(To be continued.)

MILD FARMER JONES AND THE NAUGHTY BOY.

BY THEOPHILUS HIGGINBOTHAM.

CRIED Farmer Jones, "What's this I see?
Come down from out my hickory tree!
Come down, my boy, I think you might;
To steal is neither wise nor right.

"You wont, you naughty boy? Oh, fie!
You dare to tell me mind my eye?
Come down this instant! What d'you say?
'Takes two to make a bargain,'—eh?"

Now, Farmer Jones, as mild a man
As any, since the world began,
Resolves on action fierce and bold,—
Although it makes his blood run cold.

His faithful dog has mounted guard;
There is an axe in yonder yard,—
"Now, though the heavens quake and fall,
My strokes shall bring down tree and all!"

Fast come the blows, but vain the plot;
The tree may yield, the boy will not.
His pelting nuts the farmer blind;
Yet still the axe its cleft doth find.

Ah! who is this doth cry "Hold up!
I say, tie fast that yelping pup;
Do the square thing by me, and see
If I don't leave your hickory tree?"

'T is done. The faithful dog is tied,
The shining axe is turned aside.
"No hoaxing, now?" the youth doth cry—
And Farmer Jones replies, "Not I."

Now, mingling with the song of bird,
A sound of tearing clothes is heard,
And scraping boots; and, with a bound,
That naughty boy stands on the ground.

Said Jones, "You're sorry now, I see,
For knocking nuts from off my tree!"
"Well, yes; if you'll just take the pup,
And let a fellow pick 'em up."

"All right! my boy," cried Farmer Jones,
Who felt delighted in his bones;
For never since the world began
Was seen so very mild a man.



"Come down from out my hickory tree."

"You won't, you naughty boy! oh fie!"

His faithful dog has mounted guard.



"My strokes shall bring down tree and all."

The tree may yield, the boy will not.

"I say, tie fast that yelping pup."



"No hoaxing, now?" the youth doth cry.

Said Jones, "You're sorry now, I see."

"All right, my boy," cried Farmer Jones.



GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

THE story lasted so long that the sun looked in through the windows to say good-by! sending the shadows to take his place. He would have liked to stay and hear the rest of the story, but some people over on the other side of the world needed to be waked up; and he was the only one who could do it. Shadows have n't bright faces like the sun; so we don't like quite so well to have them about us; but neither Grandpa nor Willie knew that they had changed company. The story was about Grandpa,

when he was a little boy. That was such a great while ago that it has made a very long story. Willie listened at first, and thought it very nice, until the little fringed curtains dropped over his blue eyes, and Willie was dreaming—dreaming that he had grown to be a man, and had a store full of trumpets and hobby-horses. Grandpa was dreaming too, although he was awake,—dreaming of the time when he was a little boy. So, you see, the boy dreamed of the man, and the man dreamed of the boy.

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HOW THE HEAVENS FELL.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

THE golden age of boys' dramatic "Exhibitions" was past before I became old enough to take part in those fascinating entertainments. But my elder brother was one of the stars of our stage, and I have reason to remember vividly the last exhibition in which he was an actor. It took place the night before he left home for college. John Barnard, who was also going to college had part in it.

of a military uniform. There was also a small tent, and we caught sight of a shepherd's crook and a heavy chain with an iron ball attached to it.

These revelations intensified the interest which had already been excited by the talk among the boys. It had been rumored that the principal feature of the exhibition would be a drama, acted in costume, and that in one of the scenes occurred a



"LET JUSTICE BE DONE, THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL!"

Fred Barnard and I were very deeply interested. We watched all the preparations, and anticipated a wonderful exhibition. The performers enlarged the platform, to make a sufficient stage; they hung some curtains to serve for scenery; they carried in three or four swords (real swords) and two horse-pistols; they brought several large bundles done up in paper, and, where one of the papers was broken, we saw the brass buttons and scarlet facing

terrific combat, to be fought with real swords, according to the laws of fence. What was the subject of the drama, or its plot, or its moral, we neither knew nor cared; but we determined to see the fight.

Very early in the evening we were at the school-house, and we glided in with a hush of awe, pulled off our caps, and quietly took the front seat. No one else had yet arrived. We amused ourselves by studying the stage arrangements and the great

chandelier that hung from the centre of the ceiling, with carved wooden fishes and serpents all over it, the candles being stuck in the serpents' mouths. The room was carefully swept and dusted, and extra seats had been brought in to accommodate the expected crowd.

After a while, one of the larger boys came in from another room, with a candle in his hand, and began to light up. We watched him with deep interest, and would have been glad to help him. When he arrived at the place where we were sitting, he stopped before us, and delivered this cruel sentence: "You small boys will have to get out of this, until the ladies come. After they are seated, then you may come in."

This piece of unnecessary gallantry fell like a millstone upon our hearts. Knowing too well how small would be the chance of getting any place where we could see the stage, after the ladies (and the gentlemen accompanying them) were all seated, we took our caps, and sorrowfully obeyed the order.

But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Fred and I felt sure that somehow we should yet gain admission and witness the tragedy. We sat down on the steps, and watched the people, who soon began to arrive.

First, old Mrs. Whipple and her little granddaughter. We wondered why that old woman, who was nearly blind and quite deaf, should want to be at the performance.

"Yes, and that girl," said Fred,—"what's the good of exhibitions to girls? They can never take a part in 'em—only to read a composition, may be;" and his tone implied that reading compositions was very tame business, compared with taking part in a terrific stage combat, in soldier clothes, with real swords.

Next came old Mr. Pendergast, walking slowly and leaning on his stout cane with the buck-horn handle. He had been a soldier of the Revolution; and as we imagined he would delight in witnessing the enactment of bloody scenes, such as he had passed through in his youth, and would moreover be the best critic present of the correctness of the performance, we readily admitted *his* right to a front seat.

Then came two young ladies. But when they looked in at the door, and saw how few had preceded them, they went away again. We thought they did n't appreciate their privileges.

Then came a boy carrying a bucket of water, to be used in washing the paint from the faces of the actors, after the tragedy was over. We were anxious to help him; but he would not allow us to do it—would not even let us lay a hand on the bucket and walk in beside him! We considered that a meanness unparalleled.

The minister and his wife came next; and then people began to arrive so rapidly that we could not count them or keep track of them. A good many of the fellows of our school were among them, but they were dressed up and all had ladies with them.

When, at last, we ventured in, every seat was occupied, and many men were standing in the aisles and about the door. It was hopeless for us. We had seen the backs of Sunday coats often enough, and did not care to spend that evening in acquiring a minute knowledge of them. We turned away, reluctant to give up our last hope of seeing the terrific combat, yet hardly knowing what to do. But as we turned, Fred's eye caught sight of a small scuttle-hole in the ceiling directly over the stage.

"Oh, why did n't we think," said he, "to get into the attic before the exhibition commenced? We could see it all through the scuttle!" We knew all about that attic. A light ladder, which generally stood in one corner of the school-room, was used for ascending to it; and the lumber, of which the stage extension was built, was kept up there, as well as the curtains and other fixtures, that were used only on special occasions. We had once or twice been permitted to go to the top of the ladder and take a peep into it.

"Is n't there some way we could get there now?" said I.

Fred thought awhile. "If we could climb the lightning-rod," said he, "perhaps we could get the scuttle in the roof open, and then we'd be all right."

"Let's try!" said I, with a glimmer of hope. We ran around to where the rod reached the ground. He "boosted" me, and I boosted him in turn, and we spat on our hands and rubbed sand on our shoes; but it was of no use—neither of us could climb the rod any farther than he was boosted.

"Can't we get a ladder?" said I, as we looked at the rod despairingly, and wished the spikes and glass knobs were nearer together.

At the same time, our anxiety and curiosity were intensified by the sound of laughter and applause that came from the inside, as John Orton spoke his comic declamation.

Fred thought perhaps Mr. Crouch, who lived next door to the school-house, had a ladder, as he was a carpenter. We went into his yard and looked about. There, sure enough, under a long, low, open shed, we found a ladder hung upon two great pegs.

We took it out, and with some difficulty got it over the fence into the school-yard. To raise it against the building was quite a task for us; and once, when it almost got the better of us, it came

as near as possible to crashing through one of the windows. When finally it was fairly raised, imagine our disgust at finding that it reached not quite to the roof! Then our souls sank to the very bottom of despair. But Fred found our last expedient:

"I'll tell you," said he, "if we had it on the wood-shed it would reach."

The wood-shed was a few feet distant from the wall of the school-house, and its roof sloped toward it.

"But how can we get it there?" said I, not very hopefully.

"Put the ladder against the shed, and then go up and pull it up after us," he answered, with growing confidence.

We tried it. The first step was easy enough; it was the second step which cost. Still, our recent experience had taught us something of the way to handle and manage a ladder; and we did succeed in pulling it upon the roof of the shed, keeping it nearly perpendicular. When we let it go over against the eave of the school-house, it went with an unexpected jerk, that nearly threw Fred to the ground, and did throw one foot of the ladder off the edge of the shed roof. This frightened us a little; but we quickly adjusted it, and in another minute were on the roof of the school-house.

Luckily, we found the scuttle in the roof unfastened; for one of the boys had been up that day to put out the flag, and had not thought it necessary to fasten the scuttle again until the flag should be taken down. A short stationary ladder led down from this scuttle to the floor of the attic—or rather to the place where the floor ought to be, for there was only a single plank laid from the foot of this ladder to the scuttle in the ceiling of the school-room. Along this we crept cautiously, by the little light that came in through the roof. Softly we raised the trap-door and leaned it back against the brace. As we raised it, a current of hot air rushed up through the scuttle, and nearly suffocated us.

But this was a very small drawback. We had gained an unobstructed view of the exhibition at last; there it was, all beneath us, and just in the very height of its glory. The grand drama, with the military uniforms and the real swords, was just in its first act.

As only one at a time could comfortably kneel on the end of the plank and get a fair view of the stage, we took turns, each one looking down while the other counted a hundred.

At the end of one of Fred's turns, the drama had arrived at a critical and intensely interesting point, and he was unwilling to give way for me. He wanted to lengthen the turns to a count of two hundred; but I would not agree. He offered me his

long lead pencil if I would consent. It was a strong temptation; but just then, high tragedy had more attractions than plumbago, and I was firm in my refusal.

"Then," said he, with an injured tone, "I'll see if I can't get a place for myself," and he crawled around to the other side of the scuttle, and kneeled on the narrow edge of the joist, looking down from that side, while I resumed the place on the plank.

Nearly all the uniformed and titled gentlemen were on the stage, and there was a solemn tableau, when one of the actors cried (in a slow, heavy tone, raising his arm majestically): "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!"

At that instant there was a tremendous crash, and a large section of plastering fell upon the heads of the astonished actors. When the cloud of dust rolled away, the spectators, looking up, saw a ragged mass of lath hanging down around a hole in the ceiling, and in the midst of it the feet and legs of a boy who seemed to be clinging to the joist with his hands,

I tried to help Fred up; but my strength and my foothold were unequal to the task. There was a great excitement and uproar below. "Get a ladder," shouted several voices; but the ladder generally used at that place had been removed from the room when it was swept and garnished for the exhibition and nobody seemed to know exactly where it was.

Fred's brother John, a large, powerful, cool-headed young man, was one of those on the stage. As soon as he could rub the dust from his eyes he looked up, and remarked: "Those feet look very much like Fred's." Then stepping immediately under the suspended boy, he called out: "Drop, Fred, I'll catch you!"

Fred dropped at once; indeed, by that time he was about ready to drop without an invitation.

John caught him, set him down on his feet, took a good look at him, and then giving him a slap on the shoulder, said: "Now start for home!"

Fred started. They made a little lane down the middle aisle, and passed him out through the throng.

Meanwhile I retreated to the roof, intending to go down by the way I had come up. What was my consternation, on getting there, to find that the ladder from the shed to the roof had been removed. It seems that when a ladder was called for, some one near the door had run out to look for one. Seeing that, he had immediately taken it down and carried it around to the front steps. As the trouble was over on his arrival, he just dropped it there. Then Mr. Crouch, thinking the exhibition was broken up, came out, recognized his ladder, and carried it home.

So I sat in despair on the roof, feeling more

isolated and despondent than Robinson Crusoe ever did.

After a while I heard my name softly spoken by some one in the yard. It was Fred. I answered. "Old Crouch has lugged home his ladder," said he. "Can't you come down the lightning-rod?"

The rod made an ugly bend where it went over the cornice, and I was afraid to try. I knew I should fall off at that bend before I could cling around the rod, with my feet below it. I pointed out the difficulty to Fred. He made light of it; but I told him I knew better. The views of such a thing above and below are very different.

"Then," said he at last, "you'll have to jump to the roof of the shed."

It was a perilous leap for a boy of my size; but I saw that Fred was right. There was nothing else to be done. Jump I did, and landed safely on the shed, from which I readily clambered to the ground.

We started for home immediately. As to the exhibition, the master quelled the tumult, told the audience the play would be resumed in a few minutes, and then had the curtain drawn while the broken plaster was swept up and carried away. The gentlemen in uniform resumed their lofty dialogue and flourished their swords once more.

The heavens had fallen, and justice was done.

JINGLES.



I HAD a little Highlander,
Who reached to my chin;
He was swift as an arrow,
And neat as a pin.

He ran on my errands,
And sang me a song;
Oh, he was as happy
As summer is long!

FIRE in the window! flashes in the pane!
Fire on the roof-top! blazing weather-vane!
Turn about, weather-vane! Put the fire out!
The sun's going down, sir, I haven't a doubt.

WOULD N'T it be funny—
Would n't it, now—
If the dog said "Moo-oo"
And the cow said "Bow-wow?"
If the cat sang and whistled,
And the bird said "Mia-ow?"
Would n't it be funny—
Would n't it, now?

OH where are all the good little girls—
Where are they all to-day
And where are all the good little boys?
Tell me, somebody, pray.
Why, safe in their fathers' and mothers' hearts
The girls are stowed away;
And wherever the girls are, look for the boys—
Or so I've heard folks say.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

BY AUGUSTUS HOLMES.

As we were going over to the shooting-match in A—, the other day,—Lew Thaxter, Lon Scott, and I,—Lew asked me what I considered the most wonderful thing in modern science.

"That is hard to say," I replied; "but, certainly, *one* of the most wonderful things is the fact that men have been able to measure the velocity of light."

Lon asked what I meant by that.

"For instance, we know that it takes a little more than eight minutes for a ray of light to travel from the sun to the earth. That is," I added, as Lon looked incredulous,—but he interrupted me with a snap of his fingers.

"Yes, I know,—I've heard as much before; and I don't believe a word of it!"

"You don't believe in the achievements of science?" cried Lew, in astonishment.

"O yes, to a certain extent. But some things are absurd!" And Lon laughed in a dogged way. "You don't even know what light is! Some say it's a substance, others that it's only a vibration, or an undulation; and now you pretend that it is known how fast it travels!"

"Precisely," I answered. "Eleven million miles a minute, in round numbers; no matter about a few miles."

"But, you see," said Lon, contemptuously, "it's ridiculous! No doubt men of science *imagine* the rate of speed at which light moves, but it's foolish for them to talk of fixing the figures. They might as well say fifty or a hundred million miles a minute, as to stop at eleven millions. There's no way of working such a problem; there's no sort of handle to it."

"Well, perhaps not," I said. "But let us consider." We had now come within sight of the shooting-ground, and could see the smoke from the rifles a little before we heard the reports. "You won't deny, I suppose, that sound travels at a certain rate, according to the medium it passes through, and that its velocity can be ascertained. Now watch and hark!"

"Yes," replied Lon, "I see the smoke from the guns, and hear the report a second or two later."

"A second and a-half," observed Lew, who stood watch in hand,—for we had halted on the brow of a hill.

"Now, I acknowledge," said Lon, "if we knew the distance from here to the shooting-match we could calculate the rate of speed at which sound

travels;—so many feet in a second and a-half. But here you have ground to stand on, and one thing to compare another by. But suppose we saw no smoke, and heard only the report,—then how could you know the length of time it takes the sound to reach us?"

"Wait, boys," I said, "and let us think of this. We will suppose that, along this very road, a string of boys, starting from a goal over there where the firing is, come running towards us. Every five minutes one starts; and, as they run at uniform rates of speed, every five minutes one passes us here, if we stand still."

"That is plain enough," assented Lon.

"Bht, suppose, after two or three have passed, with an interval of five minutes between them, we go to meet the fourth. He will pass us in a little less than five minutes from the time the last one came up,—will he not?"

"Of course," said Lon, "since he has less distance to travel before he meets us than the first boys had."

"That is evident. Now, suppose that, as soon as we have met the fourth, we turn and walk the other way. In five minutes the fifth will reach the spot where we met the fourth, but it will take him some time longer to come up with us, for in this case we are adding to the distance."

"All this is easy as A, B, C," cried Lon.

"Let's bring your A, B, C into the calculation," I said, and drew a line along the dusty road with my cane. "Here, at C, is the goal the boys start



from. Here is a boy running. In the meanwhile we walk to and fro between A and B, two points situated a thousand feet apart. Now, we have agreed that the boy passes us sooner when we meet him at B than when he overtakes us at A. Suppose we find it is a minute sooner."

"Then," exclaimed Lew, "we shall know that it takes him just a minute to run from B to A; and that his speed is a thousand feet a minute."

"I agree with you," said Lon, scratching his head, "though I must say it would be pretty good running."

"If a boy cannot travel so fast, I think you will acknowledge that something else can."

"A locomotive," suggested Lon.

"Yes, or sound. Suppose the rifles over there,

instead of firing irregularly as they do, should fire once every five seconds. Then every five seconds, by my watch, we should hear a report if we stood still; that is, a wave of sound, starting from the goal and traveling towards us through the air, would reach and pass us at stated intervals, just as the boy did. Now, suppose that, when we go to meet the sound at B, it reaches us a little less than a second sooner than when it overtakes us at A. Then we know that sound travels more than a thousand feet a second, as in fact it does."

"Eleven hundred feet," said Lew.

"This is all clear enough with regard to the boy and the wave of sound; but light," Lon objected, "is different. Instead of eleven hundred feet a second, you have eleven million miles—did you say?—a minute! Suppose those rifles, as far off as you could see them, should make flashes once a minute,—light is so swift that the nicest watch and the best eyes in the world would detect no variation in the time, if you should go a thousand miles to meet the flash, or go back a thousand miles and be overtaken by it!"

"I agree with you."

"Very well! and how," cried Lon, "are you going to tell when a ray of light leaves the sun?"

"I don't know any way of doing that," I said.

"Then, what do you go by?—where do you get your *purchase* on that problem?"

"That is the wonderful thing I am coming at," I replied, as we walked on; "for all the rest is simple enough. And the beautiful fact I will now describe is also simple enough, you will see, marvelous as it is. You have heard of Galileo?"

"The great Italian astronomer," suggested Lew.

"Before his time, you know, it was the common belief that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun, moon, and stars all moved about it once in twenty-four hours, besides making other wonderful movements in the heavens. Copernicus, a German astronomer, had already explained the motions of the heavenly bodies, by showing that the moon alone revolved around the earth, and only once a month; that the earth turned round on its axis once a day; and that the earth and all the other planets revolved in greater periods of time about the sun. This system of astronomy—called the *Copernican system*—is so beautifully simple, compared with the old *Ptolemaic system* (so called after Ptolemy), that it is a wonder everybody did n't accept it. But the world likes old ways and old beliefs, and dislikes change. So only a few wise men, in that and the following age, thought anything at all of the Copernican theory. Among these was Galileo. Copernicus died in 1543, and Galileo was born in 1564. Because he taught the

Copernican theory, which was supposed to be contrary to the Scriptures, and was certainly contrary to what the Church believed and taught, he was persecuted and imprisoned, and nearly lost his life."

"But what has all this to do with the velocity of light?" Lon interposed.

"You will see. I wanted to tell you something of Galileo before giving you the result of his great discovery. About 1609 he heard of a Dutchman having made a tube which, when looked through, had the remarkable power of making objects appear much nearer than they really were. Perhaps he learned that it was by passing the rays of light through lenses that this strange result was produced. At all events, he at once set to work, experimenting with lenses, and arranging them in a tube,—which was nothing but an organ pipe,—until he had at last constructed a *telescope*. It was a very clumsy and imperfect instrument; but, after one or two more trials, he succeeded in making one which would magnify objects about thirty times. Imagine his joy on turning this towards the heavens and counting stars where never stars were seen before! He made many discoveries, but the most wonderful of all was one that confirmed in a beautiful way the system of Copernicus. Looking at the planet Jupiter, he noticed that four small stars near it appeared to change their places night after night. All at once the thought struck him that they were not stars at all, but moons revolving around the planet as our moon revolves around the earth, and as the planets revolve around the sun. Such, indeed, they proved to be. He made this discovery in January, 1610, and, greatly as it elated him, he kept it a secret for over two months, until, by the most careful observations, he had satisfied himself that there was no mistake about it. Then he announced it, and was called a heretic and a fool for his pains by priests and would-be men of science, who refused even to take the trouble of looking through his magic tube and seeing what he saw.

"Well, this turned out to be the most important astronomical discovery, probably, that was ever made. Besides confirming the Copernican theory, it led to other discoveries; and one of these is the very thing we are talking about.

"The nearest of Jupiter's moons is about two hundred and sixty thousand miles from the planet, or about twenty thousand miles farther than our own moon is from us. But the planet is so huge, being some fourteen hundred times larger than our earth, that the satellite—which revolves in a very regular orbit—is eclipsed at every revolution, that is, whenever the planet comes between it and the sun. The shadow of the planet, you understand, falls upon it, and it disappears to our eyes, like a

candle that dies in its socket, to be lighted again as soon as it passes out of the shadow.

"Now, astronomers, you will concede, are able to calculate eclipses to a second."

Lon said he supposed so.

"Well, Galileo, and others after him, studied the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, and discovered, to their surprise, that there was something strangely irregular about them. Often they took place earlier or later than they had predicted from previous observations. At last it was found that the movement of the earth in her orbit had some mysterious connection with this irregularity; but how that could be no one was able even to guess, until, in the year 1675, Røemer, a Danish astronomer, solved the mystery."

"What was it?" Lon was now eager to know.

I stopped, and drew another little diagram in the dust. "We will call this circle the orbit in which

eclipse occurs, we can take note of the rays that come to us just before or just afterwards. They travel towards us, something like the boys you described, or the waves of sound; and, though the earth moves in a circle, instead of a straight line, it actually meets the rays when it is traveling from A to B, and has to be overtaken by them when it is returning from B to A."

"You have hit it," said I; "and I think that now even Lon sees the *handle* by which the problem was taken hold of. In fact, it was found that the eclipses of Jupiter's moons invariably appeared to take place a little more than sixteen minutes earlier when the earth was near B than when she was on the opposite side of her orbit. What else could be inferred than that it took a ray of light a little more than sixteen minutes to travel from B to A? But this is twice the distance from the earth to the sun; hence we conclude that light travels from the sun to the earth—say ninety-one and a-half million miles—in half that time, or a little over eight minutes."

"By making due allowance for the speed of light and the motion of the planets, astronomers have been able," I continued, "to construct exact tables of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, which are of great

use in finding the longitude of places on the earth. So you see this discovery is one of practical value, as well as very wonderful in a merely scientific way."

Lon was by this time so nearly convinced that he acknowledged there might be "something in it;" while Lew had become so much interested in the subject that he begged I would write out our conversation for ST. NICHOLAS. I have done so at his request.

the earth revolves about the sun. Jupiter is fifty times as far from the sun as the earth is; we will say, at C. We will draw an imaginary line from C directly across the orbit of the earth. Now, it was found that when the earth was moving from A to B, with Jupiter in this relative position, the eclipses of the planet's moons appeared to take place earlier by a few minutes than when the earth was moving from B to A."

"Ah! I see it!" exclaimed Lew. "When an



A CHURNING SONG.

BY SILAS DINSMORE.

APRON on and dash in hand,
O'er the old churn here I stand:—
Cachug!

How the thick cream spurts and flies
Now on shoes, and now in eyes!—
Cachug! cachug!

Ah, how soon I tired get!
But the butter lingers yet:—
Cachug!

Aching back and weary arm
Quite rob churning of its charm!—
Cachug! cachug!

See the golden specks appear!
And the churn rings sharp and clear,—
Cachink!

Arms, that have to flag begun,
Work on; you will soon be done:—
Cachink! cachink!

Rich flakes cling to lid and dash;
Hear the thin milk's watery splash!—
Calink!

Sweetest music to the ear,
For it says the butter is here!—
Calink! calink!

THE MANATEE.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.

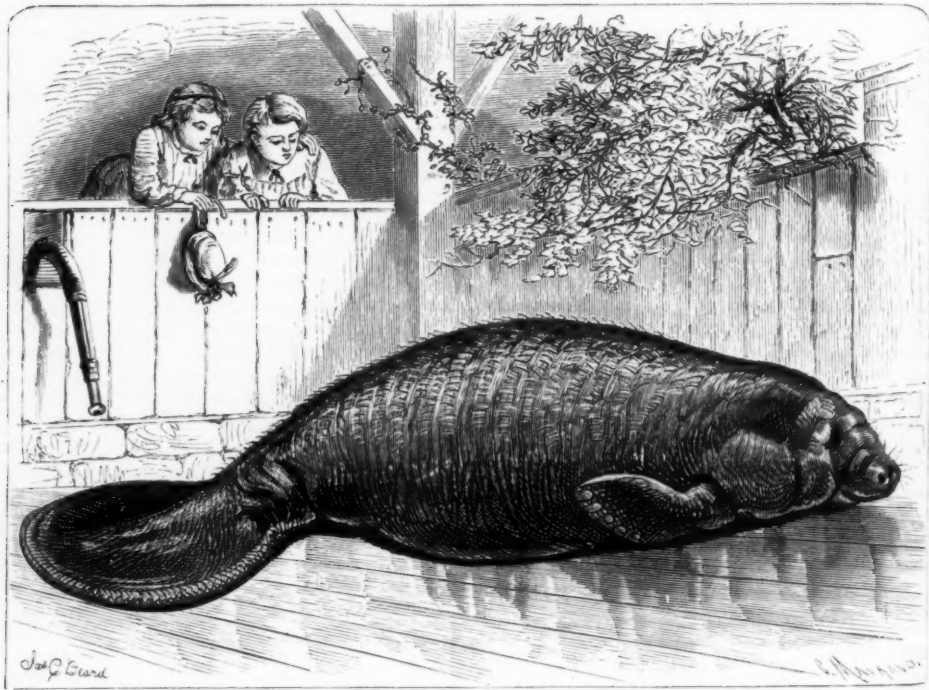
THIS is an interesting looking fellow-creature,—now is n't it?

Whether you take a broadside view of him,—as in the larger picture,—or see him face to face,—as in the smaller one,—he is equally attractive. But wait!—I have n't introduced him.

My dear young friends, this is a picture of the

Mamma Manatee finds her babies milk, instead of meat. And, besides, he is warm-blooded, while fishes are cold-blooded; and he breathes with lungs, while fishes perform that useful operation by means of gills.

He lives in the water, to be sure, swimming about as easily as any fish there, by the help of that



THE MANATEE.

Manatee; and he is n't half so stupid as he looks. In fact, when you come to know about him, you'll find that he has some lovely traits of character, and judging him by the old proverb, "Handsome is, that handsome does," we may yet prove that he is a beauty.

"A droll—fish," did you say? Now, there I've caught you. He is n't a fish any more than you are, though he is shaped like one. He's an animal, and belongs to the same family that you do—the Mammalia, called by that long name because

broad, flat tail of his; but the tail is used by slapping down in the water, while the tail of a fish, you know, always stands up vertically, and moves from side to side.

He is droll for an animal, I must admit. He has no neck, to speak of; no ears, except two holes, so small that they do not show in the pictures; no legs; no arms; almost no eyes—at least they are so small and so buried in the wrinkles, that you can hardly see them; and no hair like other animals.

Now, see what he has. That splendid broad

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tail of his, with the help of his swimming paws—as some naturalists call them—sends him through the water as fast as he wants to go; he has no need of legs. As to the swimming paws themselves, although they look like awkward things, nothing could be more useful to him. They are, in fact, hands, with skin between the fingers, and if you could shake hands with him you would feel the fingers. He gets his name, Manatee, from them, *manus* being the Latin for hand. They have a sort of nail, like finger-nails, as you can see in the picture; and besides using them in swimming and in crawling up on the land, Mamma Manatee needs them for carrying her baby, which she does much as a human mamma carries hers.

A comical little fellow the baby Manatee must be!

Although this curious animal has no warm coat of fur like other animals, he has wonderfully thick skin, and a coat of fat under it, that is warmer than any fur. But, best of all, he has a good disposition. He is fond of his fellows, always living in crowds; and if one is hurt, all the rest try to help him. Nearly every mother, from the elephant down to the smallest insect, is tender of her little ones, and will fight for them till she is herself killed; but these affectionate creatures are just as fond of each other. The fathers protect the mothers, and the mothers protect the babies, and, in fact, they never desert each other in the greatest danger.

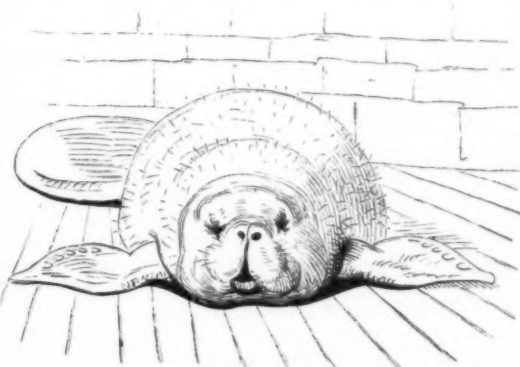
Unfortunately for their own peace, Manatees have another good thing—good meat on their bones; and men hunt them to get it for their own use. As I said, they always go in crowds, the fathers ahead, the mothers behind, and the babies in the middle. When a harpoon is thrown into one of the party, all the rest crowd around and try to pull it out, or to bite off the rope that holds it. Not one thinks of taking care of himself, nor of fighting the hunter, so the fisherman (if he can be called so) can secure as many as he chooses,—often the whole troupe.

This creature—who, you see, is interesting, after all, in spite of his stupid look and flabby ways—lives on the sea-shore, in a bay, or at the mouth of a river, in a tropical country, especially in American waters, and he often takes a journey up the rivers a long way from the sea. He is from fifteen to twenty feet long, and sometimes weighs three or four tons.

The Manatee has another name—Sea Cow; and he feeds on grass and plants. Not only on those

growing under water, but on land plants, to get which he crawls up on to the land.

Still a third name has been given to the Mana-



A PRETTY FRONT FACE.

tee, more curious than either of the others. You have heard of Mermaids, and perhaps you have seen pictures of them, as sailors described them,—beautiful women as far as the waist, with long hair, falling all over their shoulders, and scaly fishes from the waist down. (There's one in Webster's big dictionary.) But I think you'll laugh when I tell you that these big, dull-looking Manatees are all the mermaids that men ever saw. At least, Cuvier says so, and if he does n't know, I'd like to know who does. However, when Mamma Manatee raises her head high out of the water, with her baby in her hands, she does look a little like a human mother; and seen away off over the water, with the credulous eyes of sailors, it isn't, after all, so absurd as it seems to you when you look at the picture.

This gentle creature can easily be tamed. In an old magazine, published more than a hundred years ago, there is an account of a tame Manatee, kept by the Governor of Nicaragua, in a lake on his estate. This good-natured creature would not only come to dinner when he was called,—crawling out of the water, and up to the house,—but he would allow people to ride on his back. As many as ten people, the old story says, would often mount him, and ride safely across the lake.

How do you suppose they would have liked it if Mr. Manatee had chosen to dive just then?

You little people who live in New York can see one of these curious fellows any day. In fact, the very one who sat for his picture for ST. NICHOLAS, lives in a big tank in Central Park. His keeper kindly allowed the tank to be empty a while, so that the artist might get a fine view of him,—the Manatee, not the keeper.

HOW JAMIE HAD HIS OWN WAY.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"JAMIE," said Grandpa Scott, "don't go near the wharves this afternoon; Mrs. Little's Sam fell overboard yesterday."

"But, Grandpa," objected Jamie, "it's Saturday afternoon!"

"I know it, sir; and that's just why I want you to stay about the house and grounds. I notice that Saturday afternoon's the time all the children get into mischief. You can play hide and seek in the orchard, or sail your brig in the duck pond, or go berrying in Rowley woods."

"There's bears in the woods," said Jamie, "and the brig's being mended——"

"And they'll eat the gooseberries in the garden, and make themselves sick," said Grandma.

"Well, there's plenty of play without running to the river after it," continued Grandpa. "I tell you, sir, I won't have you playing about the wharves and running such risks!"

Well, perhaps Jamie didn't mean to disobey; but he walked into the orchard and shouted for Jack Brown and Nick Smith to come and join him.

"They've gone down to Bachelor's wharf," said Brown's little sister, who sat rocking her rag doll on the doorstep. "There's a great big ship down there, that smells of tar and oranges. They would n't let girls go," she added.

"My!" sighed Jamie, "I'm glad I'm not a girl,—they're always in the way, of course. They're afraid of getting their feet wet, and their hands dirty. At Bachelor's wharf, did you say?" The big ship, with its inviting odors, having blotted Grandpa's commands altogether from his mind, just as the waves wash out whatever you trace on the sandy beach, he turned into the dusty street, leaving the pleasant orchard behind him, with the sun shine fleckling the green grass, as it fell through the apple boughs; with the plum trees ripening a blooming harvest; with a generous perfume of early apples in the air; the quince bushes adding their invitation; the white-heart cherries ready to fall into anybody's open mouth,—as the birds could have told him,—and the currant and gooseberry bushes fringing the orchard wall, while grape-vines sucked in sweetness and mellowness from the sun and atmosphere. Jamie loitered down the street, past the grocery and the dry-goods shops, looked in at the confectioner's, passed a while at the fish-market, where they were bringing in fresh lobsters and silver-enameled mackerel, and great cuts of pink

salmon were to be seen, garnished with heads of cut lettuce. It was only a step from the fish-market to Bachelor's wharf, where, true enough, a ship, as big as all out-doors, it seemed to Jamie, was unloading. Jamie hung near it, admiringly, enjoying the tarry smell, as if it were an odor from Araby;—the mystery of entangled ropes, that was as good as a Chinese puzzle; wondering about the great ocean over which the ship had sailed; enjoying the browned sailors, who had perhaps seen a whale spouting, or an iceberg drifting down from the north, or the stormy petrels that never alight, the legend says, and are named for St. Peter, who walked the water. The Azores and West Indies were like places dropped out of Fairyland into the sea, somewhere, to Jamie; and London was the capital of Dreamland to him, as well as to some older folks; the rest of the world across the water was a sort of fogland, where griffins with gold manes might abound, and toads that saw things through the lens of a jewel, where the days were six months long, without any bed-time. It was delightful to touch the ropes that had been coiled in foreign places, and the sails that had hung idly in the calm of tropical waters,—it was almost like shaking hands with the people of other countries.

But after Jamie had somewhat satisfied his curiosity, which was always alert when a ship came in, he strolled, like one who has the afternoon before him, to a neighboring wharf, where Jack and Nick were trying to make out into the stream in a small boat, which the wind repeatedly blew in shore, defeating their attempts. "Oh, I can get her off," shouted Jamie, fired with sudden nautical valor. "you just wait till I get off my shoes and stockings!"

"Bet ye!" defied Nick Smith, "me and Jack's been ter work this half hour!"

"So I do bet ye!" returned Jamie, whipping off his "dirt-treaders" and jacket, and hiding them in a cranny of a pile of boards near at hand. "You'll see what a sailor can do," and he jumped into the boat and pushed off in spite of the wind. "Let's go down to Black Rocks and fish," said Jack.

"All right! We're off for Black Rocks, then," said Jamie, tacking; "I think the wind's rather cranky, though, boys!"

"Looks squally," said Nick, at the helm. "My mother's got the sewing circle to supper and we're going to have strawberry short-cake. She won't

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know where I am, till she wants me to run an errand."

Just then something happened; perhaps it was the squall; but Grandpa Scott, looking out of his scuttle window up in town, through a spy-glass, to see if his schooner was coming in, saw, instead, a boat floating upside down on the river.

"Mercy! Grandma," said he, "I'm right glad I told Jamie not to go near the water to-day; there's somebody's boat bottom-side up, in the river!"

"Sakes alive!" cried Grandma; "it'll make somebody's mother's heart ache, to be sure! Well, I'm thankful that Jamie's safe in the orchard, for all the gooseberries." But we know that Jamie was not safe in the orchard. When he came to the surface of the river after his plunge, Jack and Nick, having managed to cling to the boat, were seated on the bottom of it, and drifting out to sea; Jamie made a few strokes towards them, but finding that the boat would be out to sea before he could reach the river-mouth, supposing he could swim so far, he decided to make for the North Pier, as his only hope. But oh, dear! what a long way it was to the North Pier, though! what if the cramp should catch him before he reached it? He remembered that Captain Sails had once seen a shark in the river,—he wondered if Grandpa Scott was getting worried about him,—if Mrs. Smith had saved a piece of the strawberry short-cake for Nick,—how soon they'd miss him, and send out for him,—if they'd drag the river with grappling irons. It really was not very far to the North Pier, but it seemed leagues, and Jamie's strength was ebbing when he reached it, and thrust his hands through the cracks between the rough boarding, and clung like any barnacle, feeling almost safe. But no sooner was he secure from immediate danger, than his discomforts began to torture him: the hot sun poured down on his uncovered head, a nail in the pier had torn his hand, and the salt water made it smart, his arms were beginning to feel queer and lifeless,—he called for help, but his voice was a sparrow's pipe. Then he waited and waited, and saw a mirage of the distant beach lifted against the sky, and watched the birds that lighted an instant on the pier, and looking at him curiously, and heard the music of some gunner's rifle down in the marshes grow fainter and sweeter with the distance, "and horns from Elfland faintly blowing."

But presently a new terror beset him—he could not take another stroke, if he were to die,—but he saw the sunset burnishing in the west, his half-holiday drifting away from him, and the tide turning in! If only somebody would come for him: some fisherman toiling in with his full nets, some gunner from the salt-marshes, some pleasure-boat laden with song and laughter! He was hoarse

with hallooing; it was wearing on to twilight, and the tide coming in, strong and steady. He heard the bells on shore inviting to evening prayer,—the noises about the wharves reached him like echoes from another world; he wondered where Jack and Nick were,—if Grandma had gone to Mrs. Smith's tea-drinking; he remembered how the sunshine seemed tangled among the orchard trees at home, that the plums were nearly ripe, that Master Brooks was going to give him a reward of merit, at school, next week. By this time there was a star twinkling at him in a companionable way, from the sky,—but only his head was out of water; he tried to climb up the slippery sides of the pier, and came very near losing his hold; once he thought that he heard the sound of oars, the faint tones of human voices, as in a dream; then he lost them, and began to fancy himself safe at home in bed, holding Grandma Scott's hand, and saying, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." The water gurgled about his ears and touched his lips, and the stars and the roseate twilight went out in darkness.

Some sailors, belonging to a sand-droger that was taking in cargo at White Beach, had caught sight of a strange object clinging to the pier, had at first fancied it to be a seal or a mermaid, and had set forth to capture it, arriving just in the nick of time to save Jamie, who was verily at his last gasp. They carried him on board the droger, rubbed and dosed him into consciousness, dried his shirt and trowsers before a drift-wood fire on the beach, gave him a supper of clam chowder and ship-bread, and after he had rested, they rowed him up to town and left him at the wharf.

Jamie walked slowly homeward, wondering what reception he should meet; all the clocks were clanging nine; there were groups of men about the shops speaking of the day's accident.

"Folks ain't no business ter let children out on the water alone," some one was saying.

"Well, you see," broke in another, "Miss Smith, she hed the sewing circle ter her house, and a body can't manage other folks affairs and their own ter wunst." "It'll go hard with Grandpa Scott," spoke a third; "that boy was the apple of his eye."

"And a little tyke he was too," responded his neighbor: "I've heard his grandma say that she never felt easy till he was a-bed and asleep!"

"Well, he won't be troubling nobody no more," said the confectioner, at whose counter Jamie had been in the habit of spending his cents; "he was a great one for 'ju-ju' paste; I wouldn't have minded throwing in a piece, if I'd knowed,—"

"He could bat a ball like time," said a small boy Jamie recognized as one with whom he had sometimes shared his jujube paste; "and he wasn't

stingy, neither, and didn't get mad if you spelt above him." Jamie walked on to his grandfather's, where the lamps were all lighted, and they had forgotten to draw the curtains; he stole in softly and looked in at the doorway. Grandpa Scott was walking the room as fast as his old legs could carry him, and wringing his hands; Grandma was in the big arm-chair, with her face hidden in her hands and the tears dropping through the fingers, while Mrs. Smith stood near, smoothing her hair and offering the smelling-salts, and saying, "Don't take on so, now don't, Miss Scott,—it ain't none of your fault, nobody'll blame you—it's all for the best."

"There wa'n't nobody ter blame but the squall," said Jack and Nick in chorus, from the back-ground, where Jamie had not seen them; "us two stuck to the boat, you see," continued Nick, "when it was bottom-side up, and nobody picked us off till we was most out to sea, and then when we began to think of Jim, he wasn't nowhere. Hurrah!" changing his tune without warning, "I say, Hi' Spy!"

And Jamie's arms were around Grandma Scott's neck, and everybody in the room was in tears again, and Grandpa Scott was on his knees.

CHANTICLEER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

I WAKE! I feel the day is near;
I hear the red cock crowing!
He cries "'T is dawn!" How sweet and clear
His cheerful call comes to my ear,
While light is slowly growing.

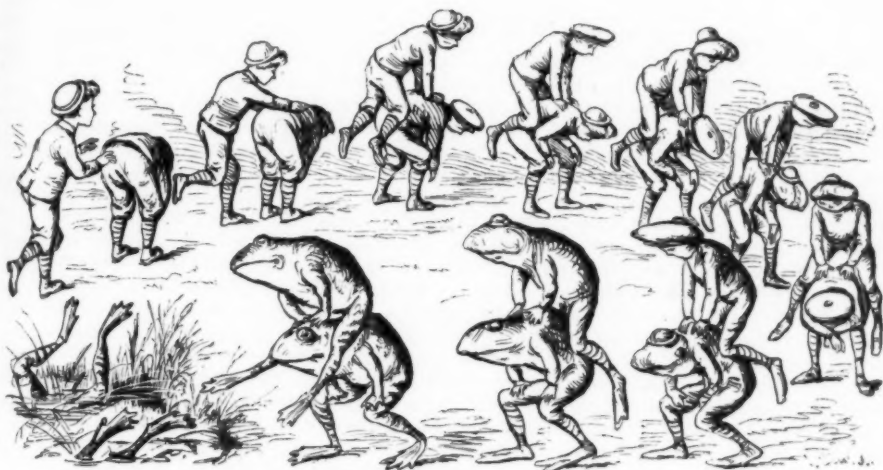
The white snow gathers, flake on flake;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 't is snowing?

I think the world is all asleep;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Out of the frosty pane I peep;
The drifts are piled so wide and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing!

Nothing I see has shape or form:
I hear the red cock crowing!
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing!

A happy little child, I lie
And hear the red cock crowing.
The day is dark. I wonder why
His voice rings out so brave and high,
With gladness overflowing.

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WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN LITTLE BOYS PLAY LEAP-FROG TOO MUCH.

A MOOSE HUNT IN THE MAINE WOODS.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

So many tourists, young and old, have come down into the Maine lake region the past summer to camp out in the country of the whispering pine, and hunt that noble game, the moose, that I deem it not unlikely that many of our young folks, especially our boys, would enjoy a moose hunt,—even on paper. A prominent lumber-merchant of the Pine Tree State has kindly furnished me with one of his youthful exploits in this line, which I have attempted to write out.

There were four of us, and we were a rather queer party. There was old Ben Murch, a lumberman and hunter well known in that region; a young Penobscot Indian named Lewis, or, as he was more commonly called, "Lewey;" a young Boston chap named Larkin, but whom we had nicknamed "Larks," and myself. We had gone up from Bangor to the head of Chesuncook Lake, then as now a sort of supply-depot for the logging-camps.

When I mention that one of our party was an Indian, some may perhaps think that he was a savage,—one of the blanketed, tomahawking sort. Quite the contrary. Lewey was a very sensible, matter-of-fact young man; dressed like a Christian,

and, saving a tendency to extreme brevity, spoke very fair English. Indeed, the fellow was quite a humorist in a certain, dry, terse way of his own, and very tolerable company of an evening. Murch and he frequently hunted together, selling the venison at the neighboring logging-camps. And on the evening preceding the first day of our hunt, February 3, Lewey had come down to the head from his wigwam, or winter camp, on the Cusabexis. One versed in woodcraft might well wonder how two experienced hunters should happen to take a couple of boys with them on a moose hunt! Well, I suspect that Larks used undue—possibly pecuniary—influence with them. Such things are sometimes done.

Day broke clear and frosty. We were off by sunrise—on snow-shoes. The snow was crisp. And as the early sun-rays fell in through the bare tree-tops the whole air resounded with the sharp snapping of the frozen wood, relaxed by the warmth. An hour's walk took us across the lowlands between the supply-depot and the river (the West Branch of the Penobscot), which enters the lake at some distance above. Crossing the river on the ice a little below Pine Stream Falls,—so near that we

could hear the plunging waters,—we began to ascend the ridgy slopes which lead up among the highlands in Township No. V, in Range XIV.

"Now, boys," said Ben, stopping to tighten the strings of his snow-shoes, "the less ye say and the fewer twigs ye snap the better; for, unless I'm much mistaken," pointing to the cropp'd branches of a yellow birch, "we shall come upon a yard within a couple of hours. So keep whist. Mind the going. Don't tread on the dry brush. You youngsters may as well keep a few rods behind. And whenever I raise my hand—*so*—stop, both of you, stock-still,—and don't move till I tell ye."

Thus instructed we moved cautiously on again.

"What does the old fellow mean by a 'yard?'" whispered Larks, as we picked our way along behind. And as some others may perchance need a word in explanation, we will try to give it.

Suppose, as is often the case, that late in the fall, just as the snows are coming, a herd of moose—a dozen say, though generally not more than three or four—are browsing on the bank of a river or along the shore of a pond or lake. A snow-storm comes on, and there falls a foot, perhaps. Naturally enough, the moose don't go over as much ground next day after their browse as if the ground were bare. And very likely, too, since it is natural for all creatures to follow beaten paths,—nor are human beings exceptions,—very likely, I say, that nightfall will find them retracing their steps to the place whence they started in the morning. And thus they will remain for several days, not going over more than a mile or two of ground, unless disturbed by wolves or men. Then comes another storm, with another foot of snow. This makes walking about still more laborious. And the moose, consulting their ease, go about still less. So they keep on, narrowing their feeding-ground after every storm, till, when the snow has become four and five or six feet deep, it is nothing unusual to find a herd of from three to a dozen snowed into a yard of from five to thirty acres, with deep beaten paths running through it in every direction, the twigs cropp'd and bark gnawed from all the trees.

I believe this the more satisfactory explanation of a moose-yard, though many so-called naturalists will tell you that the moose *select* their yard before the snows come,—that they are in this matter "governed by instinct." All of which you may safely believe the moment they satisfactorily define that word, *instinct*.

Now, if a hunter can steal up unobserved, or rather unheard, within rifle-shot of one of these yards, why, he stands a good chance of securing one of the herd, at least. But the difficulty is to approach unperceived. For there is no keener-eared animal under the sun than a moose. They

will often hear or smell a man half a mile, and that, too, when there is no perceptible breeze. The only chance of surprising a yard is when there's a stiff breeze *from it*; and then it is a pretty ticklish job, and but rarely done.

A little farther on we saw where a cluster of hazel-bushes had been bitten off; and soon a shrubby pine with all its lower branches stripped of their tassels. These were indications of a yard not many miles off. The moose had been here; but later snows had covered the track.

We walked on with as little noise as possible. It was rather blind work, though; for the thick mixed growth made it impossible to see more than six or eight rods ahead. Presently we came to a clump of moose-wood shrubs browsed off as before, with a faint trail under the more recent snows leading away to the left. Along this Lewey and Ben picked their way softly, followed at some distance by Larks and myself.

We had gained the summit of a high ridge, and were now descending into the valley beyond. The shrubs along the trail had nearly all been cropp'd,—all save the spruce; moose never touch spruce boughs. We followed this trail for half a mile, perhaps, when Lewey, who was considerably in advance, suddenly stopped,—we saw him making signs and whispering to Ben, and stole gently up to them. Right in front were the fresh tracks of a moose,—huge hoof-prints stamped deep into the snow.

"St, boys!" whispered Ben. "We're close upon 'em! Stay here; don't stir!"

Lewey and he worked slowly forward, drawing their heavy snow-shoes carefully after them. Watching breathlessly, we saw Lewey pause and cautiously raise the hammer of his rifle. It clicked faintly, despite his care. Instantly there was heard a hoarse snort, accompanied by a great crashing among the brush.

"There they go!" shouted Ben. Lewey had sprung forward like a cat,—too late to get a shot, however. The moose were gone. We could hear them tearing along down the valley, and on coming to the yard—some twenty rods farther on—found it empty.

"No help for it now," muttered Ben, gazing a little grimly at the gnawed saplings along the now deserted paths. "Nothing to do but chase them down. Think you can stand a three days' tramp, Larks?"

"Very long hunt," remarked Lewey.

But Larks had great faith in his legs.

Three distinct tracks on the farther side of the yard showed us where the moose had left it; and tightening our straps, we shouldered our guns and started in pursuit.

"Don't you ever use hounds to hunt them with?" Larks inquired.

"Not often," replied Ben. "Some do, but we don't. We have better luck without dogs than with them. A moose is n't like a fox. A fox will run round and round from hill to hill; but a moose keeps straight ahead. We've found that our best way is to keep steady after them till they get tired enough to let us get up within shooting distance."

Lewey then told us that he once followed one a fortnight before getting near enough to shoot him. But when there is a crust upon five feet of snow, the moose, going through to the ground at every plunge, can't hold out over twenty-four hours, if followed rapidly.

All this time we were going forward as fast as we could walk. For the first six or eight miles the moose seemed to have run at full speed, scattering the snow and clearing the brush with prodigious bounds. In some places they had thrown out with their hoofs the old dried leaves, deep buried since autumn.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the former path of a tornado, which in its terrific course through the forest had torn down nearly all the trees along a clearly defined belt,—only a few rods in width, but stretching away east and west as far as we could see. The prostrate trunks lay piled across each other in the wildest confusion. Over these the moose had bounded in a manner almost incredible; running without the least apparent regard for the snow-buried logs, and making a bee-line across the windfalls. One leap especially astonished us. Three large bass-woods had fallen in a rick, the topmost lying fully seven feet above the surface of the snow, which lay from four to five feet all about them. This formidable abattis one of the moose had cleared at a jump, landing among the logs nearly a rod beyond.

The short February afternoon rapidly waned. A "snow-bank" had risen in the south-west.

"Another snow-storm by to-morrow," said Ben. It was growing dusk. Presently the forest lightened ahead, and in a few minutes we came out on a broad white expanse stretching away to the northward.

"Lake Cauquomgomac," remarked Lewey. Then, looking through his hands, "Yonder they go!"

Straining our eyes in the deepening twilight, we could just make out some dark objects far out on the lake, one—two—three, yes, three of them. They were three or four miles from the shore, and making directly towards a small island situated near the upper end of the lake. When chased, moose will frequently run off to an island, or a high hill,

which commands a good outlook of the country around.

"They'll haul up at that island to breathe," said Ben. "Spend the night there, like enough, if they don't catch sight of us on the lake."

"Could n't we work up to them after dark?" I hazarded.

"Not without first getting *their* consent," said Ben, laughing. Then, turning to Lewey, "What's to be done?"

"Two of us stay here—two of us go round lake—above island," replied Lewey. "Head off moose."

"And so scare them from the island and then shoot at them from an ambush?" questioned Ben. Lewey nodded.

"Not to-night, I hope," said Larks, upon whom our long day's tramp was beginning to tell.

Ben turned to look at him. "No, not to-night, I guess," said he at length. Then to Lewey, "We'll camp here, I reckon," with a nod of his head toward Larks and myself. Lewey assented, merely muttering, "No fire; not make fire on shore; go back."

Back we accordingly went to a little ravine in the woods, a number of rods from the lake. By this time it had grown very dark; but collecting brush as best we could, and breaking off slivers and bark from an old hemlock trunk, we soon had a crackling blaze.

A hunter's knapsack is not quite so ornamental as a soldier's, but handier, I think. It consists of a large, deep pocket in or rather *on* the back of his hunting frock. In these we had packed away two days' rations of beef and corn-cake, and now we proceeded, after taking off our snow-shoes and loosening our belts, to make a thorough dinner, moistening the same with snow-water melted in the palms of our hands.

This over with, we broke off great armfuls of fir boughs, and spreading them on the snow, lay down with our feet to the fire—to sleep. How the flickering blaze lighted up that savage little glen, with its dark, wild trees, as we lay there looking up, with cold noses and colder fingers! while from the lake came those fearful sounds,—said to precede a storm,—the moaning and roaring of the ice; a phenomenon common enough to frozen waters, yet always startling, and especially so by night.

In spite of these sounds, we fell asleep,—to shiver through a frigid delirium of chilly dreams and visions of gigantic moose. A pull at my coat-sleeve roused me; it was Lewey. The fire had gone out; all was dark.

"Get up," said he in a whisper. "You go with me. No need to wake Larks. I've talked with Ben. You and I go round lake; head off moose."

I understood, and scrambled up; but I was covered with snow, and felt cold, soft touches in my face; it was snowing heavily. Off in the east the dim pallor of a stormy morning had begun to show faintly. With numb fingers we tugged at

as far as I was concerned. Lewey led; it was as much as I could do to keep from bumping against the tree trunks. But it gradually grew light. We were skirting the lake, keeping back from the shore.



CHASED BY A MOOSE.

the frozen straps of our snow-shoes, then shouldering our guns, started northward. The light snow cracked and creaked under our feet,—dull and monotonous sounds,—as we plodded on, on, blindly

After going on for several miles as it seemed to me, the mixed growth changed to a still heavier one of black spruce. Beneath the dark shaggy tops all was quiet; but overhead the wind drove;

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and now and then the snowy gusts sifted down through the thick boughs. Out on the lake the storm howled.

By nine o'clock we had got round to the northern end, or head of the lake, and could just discern, through the driving flakes, the outline of the island a mile below. If the moose had left it, they had probably come across to the woods at about this place. Still keeping in the forest, we examined the shore for nearly half a mile; there were no tracks. It was fair to conclude that they were still below us,—at the island. Nothing now remained to us but to wait for a chance to shoot them.

"Watch here," said Lewey, pointing to the upturned root of an old windfall. "Hide here—make gun sure—put on new cap—aim straight."

With this advice Lewey left me and went on some dozen or fifteen rods, where he took his stand in a similar manner. Resting my gun through a chink in the root, I began my vigils. An hour passed. The storm still raged fiercely. Ben was giving us plenty of time. But, keeping my eyes fixed on the island, I waited for the earliest appearance of the moose. Suddenly the faint report of a gun came on the snow-laden blast; Larks' rifle, I felt sure. And the next moment three dark objects darted out from the island and came straight towards us. How swiftly they approached, growing larger every moment, till the great unwieldy forms were close upon us! Now for it!

Setting my teeth, I aimed at the foremost,—he was now within fifty yards,—and fired! Almost at the same instant another report rang out. The moose fell headlong into the snow. There was a great snorting and crashing through the brush; the other two swept past me like the wind, and on into the forest. The wounded moose, too, had bounded to his feet, and with a hideous whine he came floundering heavily on. In my excitement I had jumped up from my hiding-place, shouting and brandishing my gun.

"Run! Run for your life!" shouted Lewey. "Get among spruces!" The moose had already caught sight of me, and came rushing up the bank

with a great gnashing and grinding of its teeth. No time for bravado! I dropped my gun and ran—as fast as a fellow can on snow-shoes—back into the woods. A clump of low, dense spruces were growing near. I made for them,—the moose after me,—and, diving in amid the thick, prickly branches, went down on my hands and knees and scrambled aside under the boughs, spider-like. The moose crushed into the thicket, snorting and thrashing about not ten feet from where I lay.

"Lie flat!" yelled Lewey's voice from somewhere outside. "Don't stir!"

Bang! followed by another crash and a noise of struggling. I crawled out and saw Lewey standing near, with the smoke still curling from his gun.

"Much hurt?" exclaimed he, seeing me on all fours.

"Not a scratch!" cried I, jumping up.

A Yankee would have laughed at me heartily. Lewey merely remarked, "He most have you," and turned to look at the moose, which we found dead.

In the course of half an hour Ben and Larks came up. The moose was then skinned and cut in pieces. The storm still continuing, it was decided to give up the hunt and rest content with what we had got. Kindling a fire, we broiled some excellent moose-steaks, off which we made a hearty dinner.

A moose-sled was constructed,—a rude sled of poles and withes, with broad runners. About half the meat—a weight of some four hundred pounds—was packed upon this, to be taken back with us. The other half was buried in the snow, to be taken away at another time. Thus buried it will at once freeze, and keep sweet till the snow melts in the spring.

Larks and I carried the hide on a pole between us. The sled was drawn by Lewey and Ben. We did not get down to the head till the next night.

Larks was much disappointed in the antlers, which were very small and tender. Moose shed their antlers in December. This was in February. They had not had time to grow out.

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NIMPO'S TROUBLES.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

CHAPTER III.

NIMPO DRESSES UP.

AFTER dinner, Nimpo marched resolutely to her room, followed by her two brothers.

"What you going to do?" asked Rush, when he saw Nimpo jerk her bonnet from its peg.

"I'm going straight to the storé to see cousin Will," she answered, bursting into tears; "I know he'll help us somehow. I won't stay here a minute."

She dried her eyes, and stalked down stairs, the two boys still following her. Mrs. Primkins was not in the kitchen, so they got out without being seen, and hastened to their father's store.

"Cousin Will," Nimpo began passionately the moment she saw him, "I want you to get us another boarding place."

"Why, Nimpo, your mother made arrangements for you," answered Will.

"I know it; but that horrid Mrs. Primkins gave us mean little rooms up in the attic, and I can't bear them. They're ever so much meaner than Sarah's room at our house, and I can't stand it,—so there!"

Cousin Will looked puzzled.

"Well, I don't see what I can do for you. Nobody takes boarders, you know,—except students,—and I don't see but what you'll have to stand it. It won't be long anyway; and you need n't stay much in your room, you know."

"But why can't I have Mrs. Jackson to keep house, as mother proposed?" asked Nimpo.

"Mrs. Jackson is taking care of Mrs. Smith, who is very sick. I know she would n't leave her," replied Cousin Will.

Nimpo's face fell.

"Oh, dear! it's too mean for anything! I never have anything as I want it!"

"But I'm sure this plan is yours; you refused to have Mrs. Jackson, yourself."

"So I did," said poor Nimpo; "but I never thought of being treated so."

"Well, I don't see what you can do," said Cousin Will, who evidently did n't think it a killing matter to sleep in an attic room. "I guess you'll have to 'grin and bear it,' as Sarah says."

"Let's go home," suggested Rush. "Sarah's there yet, and we'll make her stay."

But Nimpo remembered the lofty airs she had put on that very morning, and she could n't bear

to come down to Sarah. So she called her pride to her aid, and made a resolve.

"No, Rush, we'll go back there and stand it. It's horrid mean of her; but we need n't stay in the rooms, you know, and we'll have some fun, anyway."

"Very well," said Rush, with an air of relief, "I'll stay about here with Will for a while." You and Robbie had best go home to Primkins."

So back they went.

Climbing to the attic rooms again, Nimpo opened her trunk, and took out her dresses, which she hung on a row of nails at the foot of the bed.

Robbie looked on with great interest for a moment, then suddenly, to Nimpo's dismay, began to cry.

"I don't like nothin'," he sobbed; "I want to go home to mamma."

"Hush! Robbie," said his sister, kissing and soothing him, hurriedly; "never mind, dear. We'll dress up and go out to walk. We'll have some fun, if things *are* horrid here."

So, with another kiss, she put on his white suit and red boots, and then took down her new dress.

"Now I'll have the good of this dress, and I'll show mother that I can wear it other days besides Sunday, and not spoil it," she said to herself.

The dress was of blue barege. She put it on, with her best cloth boots, and her blue sash.

"What for you dressed all up?" asked Robbie, rubbing his eyes.

"Because I'm going out to walk. Mother puts on her best dress when she goes out—sometimes," she added, for she felt a little guilty; "I don't see why I should n't do so too."

"Aint you a very pretty girl?" asked Robbie, earnestly, after studying the effect of the blue dress for some minutes.

"Do you think I am?" asked Nimpo, laughing.

"Pr'aps you are. I sink so," said Robbie.

"Well, you're a darling little rose-bud!" said Nimpo, giving him a spasmodic hug.

"Aint I a pretty big rose-bud?" asked Robbie, seriously, "and 'sides, where's my stem?"

"Oh, you're the kind of rose-bud that has legs, and don't need a stem," said Nimpo, starting down stairs.

"I'm not going down the kitchen way," said she, when they reached the foot of the attic stairs.

"I guess I'm a boarder!" and feeling very haughty and fine, she went down the front stairs.

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Mrs. Primkins heard them and opened the kitchen door.

"I don't want you to go up and down that way," she said, "tramping up my stair carpet. You can use the back stairs—like the rest of us."

Nimpo made no reply, but started for the front door.

"Don't go out that way!" screamed Mrs. Primkins; "I can't be running round to lock doors after a parcel of young ones, not by a jug-full! Come out the back door."

Swelling with indignation, Nimpo turned.

"I am accustomed to go out the front door at home, Mrs. Primkins."

"Wall, you aint to home now, and you need n't tramp up my front hall. I can tell you that. I don't want everything going to rack and ruin, and I haint got no servants to sweep out after you, as your mamma has."

So they went out the back door, and took their way down town.

Now, in that little western village set down in the woods of Ohio, children did not dress finely every day; so, when Nimpo appeared on the street in her blue barege, she attracted a good deal of notice. Every one said, "Why! where are you going, Nimpo?"

She enjoyed it for awhile, but finally she began to be annoyed.

"Just as if one could n't dress up without having everybody act so! I do think the people in this town are dreadfully countrified!" she said to herself.

When she came to the school-house the girls were out at recess.

"There's Nimpo!" some one shouted, and in a moment she was surrounded by a crowd of eager schoolmates.

"Where're you going?" was the first question, and then, "How do you like it?" "Are you having a nice time?" "Aint it splendid to do as you're a mind to?" etc., etc.

"O, girls!" said Nimpo, "it's perfectly horrid there. They eat with two-tined forks! and don't have napkins! Mrs. Primkins is a vulgar woman, and a tyrant. But I don't care, I sha' n't mind her. I have to sleep in the garret, and I 'most know there's rats in the wall."

"Oh my!" and "Oh it's too bad!" and "Write to your mother to come home," and other expressions of sympathy followed this announcement, until Nimpo suddenly felt that she was a heroine. She had read stories about those suffering individuals, and began to think since she could n't be stylish, she would be a persecuted heroine.

Now, you must know that Nimpo was very fond of reading, and read every book she could beg or

borrow. And the books she borrowed of the school girls were not at all like yours; far from it! they were always in two or three small, dark-covered volumes, and the stories were the histories of interesting damsels who were persecuted and tormented from the title page to the very last leaf of the book.

Nimpo had read several of these—inside of her geography, at school—for she knew her mother would object to them), and she thought it would be interesting to adopt that role.

"Of course it's frightful staying there," she began; "but then, I suppose, one must expect troubles everywhere, and, if nothing very dreadful happens, I suppose I can endure it."

"Just see Nimpo take on airs!" said Ellen Lombard, in a low tone; "I never saw any one so affected!"

But Nimpo did not hear, and she went on more naturally—

"To-morrow is Saturday; and I'm coming to see one of you girls."

"Oh, me! me!" said half a dozen.

"Well, I guess I'll begin with Nanny Cole," said she. "Of course, I'll have to bring Robbie."

"Oh, of course!" said Nanny, snatching him out of the arms of the twentieth girl who had kissed him, and said he was "as sweet as he could be," since Nimpo had been talking, "and be sure you come early. We'll play on the creek. We can build dams, and have ever so much fun."

So it was agreed; and as the bell began ringing just then, the girls went in, and Nimpo and Robbie continued their walk.

After awhile they went to the store again, where they found Rush making a big pile of old barrels, and such rubbish, for a bonfire in the back yard. Robbie wanted to help; so Nimpo sat on the back steps and read a book that one of the girls had lent her, till it was time to go home.

"Wall! wall! if that young one aint a sight to behold!" exclaimed Mrs. Primkins, when she caught sight of Robbie.

He was dreadfully dirty,—for the old barrel staves and bits of barrels that he had been carrying were not of the cleanest.

"He'd ought to have good long-sleeved checked aprons," said Mrs. Primkins, rigorously, "and I've as good a mind to make him some as ever I had to eat. Them stains 'll never come out."

"He should never wear one—never!" Nimpo thought, angrily, but she said nothing. And perhaps Mrs. Primkins saw it in her face; for the checked-apron subject was never renewed.

When supper was ready there was nothing on the table but a plate of bread and a bowl of milk and Mrs. Primkins' cup of tea.

Mr. Primkins put a slice of bread on his plate, and then passed the bread to the rest. Then, taking the bowl of milk, he dipped out a few spoonfuls to cover his slice of bread, and put the bowl before Rush, who sat next. Having ended his duties as host, he then took up his knife and fork and began to cut up and eat his bread and milk.

Rush had not noticed him, and seeing the bowl of milk near him, supposed it was for him, so he stood it upon his plate, and innocently began to crumble his bread into it.

Nimpo was horrified; though, to be sure, she had never seen bread and milk eaten in the Primkins style.

Mrs. Primkins got up with a grunt and brought another bowl of milk, while Augusta laughed, and even Mr. Primkins relaxed enough to grin and say:

"Hope you like milk, sonny!"

"Yes, I do,—first-rate," said Rush, innocently.

After tea, all the children went into the yard and played "Tag," till bed-time. Of course, Nimpo tore her new dress on the fence; but it was in the back breadth, and she thought she could sew it up. So, after all, she did n't care much for that.

She was sorry that Robbie had soiled his white suit, so that he could not wear it to Nanny's next day.

"Never mind!" she said to herself, "his buff linen is clean, and that will do well enough."

CHAPTER IV.

NIMPO MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

NIMPO slept very well,—if it was in an attic room—and the next morning she was up bright and early to get ready for Nanny Cole's, though she did not intend to go till afternoon. When she began to dress she could find no washing conveniences, so she went across the attic to Augusta's room.

"There's no wash-bowl in my room," said she.

"We don't use wash-bowls," said Augusta; "we wash in the woodshed when we go down. There's always a basin and towel there."

"But I never washed in a woodshed," said Nimpo, passionately, "and I never will! I'll bring some things from home this very day." And she rushed back to her room, too indignant to cry even.

Augusta seemed amazed at her spirit, for she went down stairs and soon returned with a tin basin half full of water, and a brown towel.

"Ma says you can have this in your room, if you're so dreadful particular," and she set it down.

Nimpo took it silently, and after that she had fresh water for her own use (when she did n't forget to bring it up); but Rush washed in the woodshed—and said it was first-rate, "'Cause a fellow could spatter as much as he liked."

After breakfast, Nimpo sat down to mend her torn dress. She seamed up the rent as well as she could,—with white thread,—and then to pass away the time till dinner, she thought she would write to her mother, as she had promised to do. She got her little portfolio, which her mother had filled nicely with paper, and in one pocket of which were four new stiff quill pens, which her father had made for her. Nimpo had never heard of a gold pen, and no doubt she would have scorned the very idea of a steel pen. Seating herself by the window, with a thin book on her knees, she took a sheet of paper and wrote:

DEAR MOTHER,

It's horrid here. I don't like it a bit. We sleep in a mean little hole in the attic, and I'm sure there's rats in the wall.

They have two-tined forks to eat with, and eat bread and milk on a plate. I tore my blue dress, but mended it just as nice. Don't forget to bring me a book of poems.

The girls pity me. I'm going to spend the afternoon with Nanny Cole. I have n't any drawers to put my things in.

Give my love to Neal and Mate if you have got there. It is dinner-time now, so good-bye.

Your affectionate daughter,

NIMPO RIEVOR.

When this letter was finished, Nimpo folded it in a way that I don't suppose you ever heard of—for envelopes were not in fashion then any more than steel pens. She then lighted a candle which she had brought up stairs when she came, took a stick of sealing wax and a glass stamp out of the portfolio, and made a neat round seal on the back of the letter. She then put it into her pocket to take to Cousin Will to direct.

Nanny Cole lived at the edge of the village, and very near the woods. There was also a shallow creek close by, in which the children were allowed to play, for it was not considered deep enough to be dangerous. With all these attractions, Nanny's house was a favorite place to visit, especially with Nimpo, who never could get enough of the woods.

As she and Robbie approached the house, Nanny and her brother came out, and they all went to the woods. First they got their hands and arms full of wild flowers, pretty moss, acorns and pine cones; and when at last they could carry no more, they found a pretty place for a house.

It was against the roots of a large tree, which had blown down. The great bundle of roots, higher than their heads, and full of earth, stood up straight, and before it was the hole it had left.

This droll house they adorned with their treasures, making a carpet of moss and bouquets of the flowers, which they stuck into cracks in the great root.

When the house was finished they played awhile. Then finding a flat stone for a table, they spread it with cookies from a basket Mrs. Cole had given them.

They spent some time over this meal, eating from plates of clean birch bark, and drinking "white tea" out of dainty acorn cups.

Then John proposed they should go and play on the creek, and down they went. For some time

few boards, fastened them side by side as best they could, and took a long pole with which to push their rafts along. In this way they went up and down the creek and had fine times.

Robbie was not big enough to have a boat by himself, so he sailed with John for awhile. But at last John thought he would go down through the rapids, as they called a place where the creek spread out wide, and was filled with large stones.

Nimpo told Robbie to come to her boat, and she pushed her boards up towards John's, so that he could do it. Before she was quite ready Robbie



"IN THIS WAY THEY WENT UP AND DOWN THE CREEK AND HAD FINE TIMES."

they built dams where the water was very shallow. Then they sailed boats made of pieces of bark, loaded with small pebbles, which they called bags of wheat, or with passengers—made of pieces of twigs, with acorn cups for hats. These boats all started off bravely, and sailed gaily down the creek for a few rods, but there the current took them towards a rock in the middle of the stream, and against that nearly every one of them was wrecked. If it passed it was sure to be capsized in a little eddy just beyond.

After enjoying this a long time, John proposed that they all should sail about on boards. Of course, Nimpo was ready for that, so they got a

jumped on, and coming so suddenly, upset the narrow raft and threw them both into the water.

It was not very dangerous, as I have said, for it was not deep, but it was very wet, and Nimpo fell her full length.

John and Nanny hurried to help her, and in a moment she stood on the bank, wet to the skin—and Robbie was in the same plight. They hurried up to the house. Mrs. Cole wanted Nimpo to put on some of Nanny's clothes, and hang her own up to dry, but Nimpo would not consent. She said she would stand by the kitchen fire and dry herself.

So by the fire she stood, one long hour that hot day, while Mrs. Cole took off Robbie's clothes and

dried them. Even then she was not half dry, but she was tired and warm, and she thought she looked dry enough to go through the streets.

But something ailed her dress, it would not dry straight. In spite of pulling and smoothing it would not "come right," and she saw very plainly that she could never wear it again.

"If Mrs. Primkins does her duty," said Mrs. Cole, as at last Nimpo and Robbie started for home, "she'll put you to bed, and give you a hot dose of ginger tea."

"I guess she won't," thought Nimpo, "for I won't tell her a word about it. I hate ginger tea."

It was nearly dusk when she entered the kitchen door, hoping to slip up stairs before any one saw her. But Mrs. Primkins' eyes were sharp.

"Why, Nimpo Rievor! What on earth! Have you been in the water?"

Nimpo's heart sank.

"I got a little wet, up at Mrs. Cole's," said she.

"Got a little wet! I should think so! Did you fall in the creek up there?"

"Yes," faltered Nimpo, "but I'm all dry now."

"All dry! Humph! You've probably got your death o' cold. But I'll do my duty anyway, as I promised your ma. Little did I know what a chore it would be either," she muttered to herself, adding at once, "you go right straight to bed, and be spry about it too, and I'll come up there with a cup of tea for you."

Nimpo groaned, but did not dare to rebel, and besides, she was a little frightened about the "death o' cold." She did n't wish to die just yet.

She climbed to her room, undressed, put on dry clothes, and laid down on the bed.

In a few minutes Mrs. Primkins came up, in one hand a blanket, in the other a bowl. Putting the

bowl on the stand, she first wrapped Nimpo in the blanket, which she had heated by the kitchen fire, and then she held the bowl to her lips and told her to drink every drop.

This tea was, indeed, "a horrid black stuff," as Nimpo inwardly called it, very much worse than ginger tea. Nimpo choked and gasped and gagged, but swallowed it.

Mrs. Primkins smiled grimly, and gave her a lump of sugar to take the taste out o' her mouth.

"Now, don't you stir hand or foot out of that blanket, however warm you get. If you don't get a good sweat you'll have a chill, sure's you live. When it's time for you to come out I'll run up or send Augusty;" and down stairs she went.

This ended Nimpo's first whole day of liberty. She had a good chance to think it over as she lay there wide awake. She had spoiled her visit to Nanny, ruined her own nice dress and boots, and, perhaps, caught a dreadful cold and fever.

On the whole she had been unhappy ever since her mother left, though she could n't exactly see why.

"I would n't mind the wetting," she thought, as she lay there alone. "I could stand this horrid blanket, though I believe I shall smother—and that bad stuff!" shuddering as she thought of it; "but I know my dress is spoiled, and what *shall* I do without a nice dress till mother gets back? And Helen Benson's birthday party next week? Oh, dear! why did n't I wear a clean calico and white apron as mother always made me?" And Nimpo's first day of freedom actually ended in a fit of tears.

But finally she cried herself to sleep, and when Mrs. Primkins came at bed-time, leading Robbie by the hand, she found her just waking up and all cold gone.

(To be continued.)

NEVER a night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.

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WOOD-CARVING.

BY GEO. A. SAWYER.

PART II.

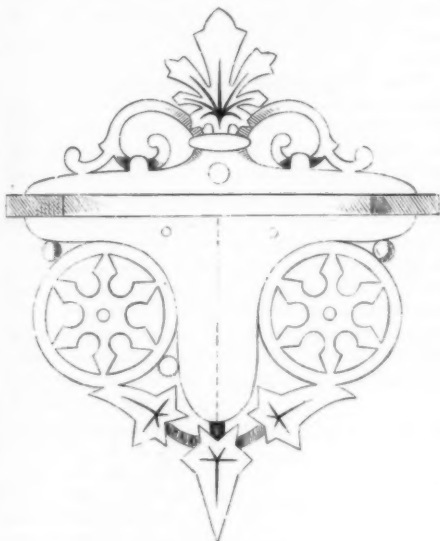
IN continuing the subject of wood-carving for young people, the first article on which appeared in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS, I give two designs for brackets, which will be found quite within the ability of any careful amateur worker, after a little practice.

The wheel bracket, No. 1, may be made of any wood, cigar-box, cedar, walnut or holly. The other one, being rather delicate, requires a strong, fine-grained wood like white holly. A bracket of convenient size may be cut from a piece of wood four

bows ten or more inches from the saw; but they are rather more difficult to manage, and, without previous practice, are less useful than the one I figured. There are also saws which are mounted and run by treadles like sewing-machines, which are delightful to work, and which cut with great rapidity. They cost from ten to fifteen dollars each, and must be used very carefully. But equally good work can be done with the little hand-saws, if you cannot afford the more expensive kind.

In sawing-out brackets and other work of this size, you will find that often it is advantageous to put your saw into the frame with the teeth inside, or towards the frame, instead of the usual way; and, in sawing a long line, parallel to the edge of the wood, you can put the saw-blade in sidewise, so that the back of the frame will be entirely out of the way. In fact, it is often necessary to change our tools around in this way, to get the best effects from them. I may add that you can use broken saw blades if the pieces are two inches or so in length, and they really cut better than the long ones, because they are proportionally stiffer; and often, in cutting out some delicate piece of work, you will find it easier to follow the lines than if you used a whole blade. These, however, are details which experience will suggest to you all.

I will now give a few practical hints for the brackets. Mark out the pattern on the wood, or cut it out of paper and paste it on the wood with gum or flour paste; then bore holes with one of the small brads in each space to be cut out. Saw first the outside margin, and the inner parts afterwards. You will find it comes easier to work systematically. That is, if you commence with a wheel in the wheel bracket, finish them both before going off to something else. When you commence the leaves at the bottom, finish them all before you do anything else. There are two reasons why it is best to do this; a moral one and a physical one. If you care to know it, you can ask your parents for the moral one, and I will tell you the other, which is, that if you have a number of spaces just alike to cut out, it is easier and better to do them all at once, because you get your hand in, as it were, and you apply the experience gained on each while it is fresh and most available. Consequently your work looks more symmetrical and even. After finishing all the sawing, take your files and carefully smooth all the inequalities left by

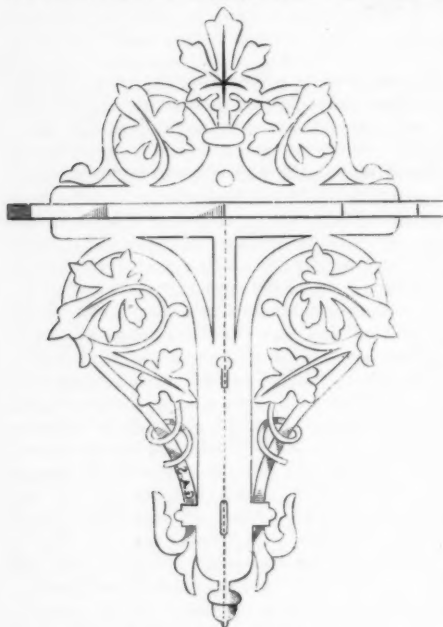


DESIGN FOR BRACKET (NO. 1).

inches wide by five and a-half long, and three-sixteenths or one-fourth of an inch thick.

As the patterns have been reduced in the engravings they must be drawn of the desired size on a piece of paper, and then transferred to the wood in the manner explained in the first article. It is better not to try and make the brackets larger than the dimensions indicated above, unless you are using a saw with a deeper bow than the one described in the first article, as it will be troublesome to saw far within the margin of the wood. There are other styles of saws in the market; some with

the saw, and use your eyes to see where you can correct errors in drawing and sawing, and make all the parts as nearly alike as possible. Bear in mind that there are hosts of people in the world who can



DESIGN FOR BRACKET (NO. 2).

take these or any other designs and saw them out in a very short time, and be perfectly satisfied with them; but it is the careful after-finish which shows the refined taste of the skilled workman.

The veining of the leaves can be very nicely done with the point of the knife-edge or other thin-bladed file, helped, perhaps, with a sharp knife; though, as we progress in our work we may be able to get a tool for the express purpose, which will do it with greater rapidity and ease. You will notice that some parts of the figures are lightly shaded.

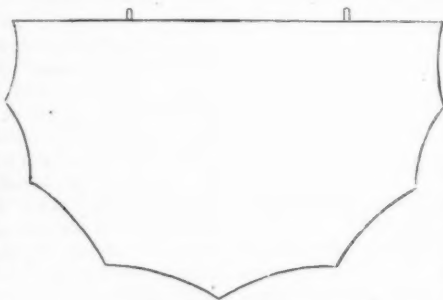
This indicates that the wood there is to be slightly cut away, so as to give the effect of relief to the other parts. The real beauty of this work depends

upon the success with which this is done, and removes it from the simple field of plain fret-sawing to the finer one of wood-carving.

If you have access to some fine art store in a city, and can look at some specimens of real Swiss picture frames, you will see at once how very beautiful they are, and you will get the idea how to apply the principles of carving to the simple articles we make for our amusement. The furniture of almost any parlor nowadays will give you some example of an ordinary carving, from which you can get ideas; and, if you are really interested in this work, you will keep your eyes open, and take in all such ideas. I might make the suggestion here, that if you know anything about drawing it is an excellent plan to keep a little book and copy any designs which interest you; the pattern of a carpet, a figure from the wall paper, a fresco, the margin of a book cover, or the border around your sister's last piece of music. You will find handsome designs enough if you will only look for them.

These brackets can be put together with screws from the back, being careful to bore the holes first with a brad of the same size as the screw, so that the wood will not split. Then countersink a hole for the head of the screw to fit into, so that it will go down flush, and the bracket will hang flat on the wall. If you choose, instead of screws, you can put two pins in the shelf, as shown in No. 2, to go into corresponding holes in the back piece, and then put one screw and one pin on the front bracket to fit into the slots shown in the cut. This latter arrangement allows the bracket to be readily taken apart for convenience in packing. The front pieces, which support the shelves, are made

exactly like one-half of the back piece below the shelves. In the wheel pattern leave out the leaves on the front piece, and put in the little ball shown by the dotted ball in the figure, so as to fill up the open space that would otherwise be left. If you saw out the back piece first, you can lay it down on paper, and use one side to mark the pattern from which to cut out the front piece.



SHELF FOR BRACKETS.

By using a fine quality of wood and by careful workmanship, very handsome brackets can be made in the manner I have described.

SWEETHEART'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.



SWEETHEART is our baby
 Rose-bud, four years old,
 Sunny-haired and dewy-lipped,—
 Worth her weight in gold.
 Playing in the parlor
 On that merry day,
 When the birds go mating,
 As the wise ones say,

Sweetheart called out gaily,
 "Keep 'till, Bess and Nell;
 Finks I hear ze postman
 Yingin' at ze bell."
 Quickly, at the summons,
 Gentle Bessie sped.
 "Here 's a lot o' letters—
 Valentines!" cried Fred.
 "Two for Sue and Nellie—
 Three, yes, four for Blair,—
 One for—oh! my senses!
 Sweetheart,—I declare!"

"O ye b'essed letter!"
 Cried our tiny elf;
 "Make it open, Bessie,
 Yead it to myself."
 From the filmy missive,
 Sweetheart's valentine,
 Slowly, gentle Bessie
 Read each written line;

"To Rose,—my Sweetheart.

"There'll be strife among the beaux,
 When you are blown, my pretty Rose.

"Valentine."

"O my soul!" and Sweetheart
 Heaved a little sigh.
 "Yat is velly splen'id—
 Mose it makes me twy."
 "Why, you little Rosy,"
 Tender Bess replies,
 "Valentines should make you laugh;
 No one ever cries."

"Ah!" quoth Sweetheart, gravely,
 "S'ou'd n't laugh 'bout mine:
 Tause, you know, me never 'fore
 Dot a wallintine."



HOW ST. VALENTINE REMEMBERED MILLY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IMAGINE a cold, snappy day in February. Frost on window panes, ice on tree boughs, bright sun twinkling on panes and boughs alike. Three chairs pulled close to the fire, three little girls sitting on the chairs, and three kittens sitting on the laps of the little girls. That makes six of them, you see. So the story begins.

"Won't it be nice?" said one of the six.

"Splendid," said another. "Ever so much nicer than last year." The third said nothing, but her face grew pink, and she fluttered up and down in her chair as if thinking of something too exciting and too delightful to put into words.

This was Milly. I want you to like her, and I think you will. She was twelve years old, very small and thin, and very lame. A tiny pair of crutches, with cushioned tops, leaned against her chair. On these she went about the house merrily and contentedly all day long. Everybody liked to hear the sound of Milly's crutches, because it told that Milly was at hand. Grandmamma said there was no music like it to her ears; but I think she must have meant to except Milly's laugh, which was gleeful as a silver bell. As for her face, it always made me think of a white, wild violet, it was so fair and pure and transparent, with its innocent, wondering eyes of clear blue; and her temper was sweet as her face. Do you wonder that people loved her? She lived in an old-fashioned house with her grandfather and grandmother; but at this time I am telling about, she was making a visit at her Uncle Silas's; the first visit which Milly had ever made in her life.

Uncle Silas's house was about ten miles from Grandpapa's. It stood in a large, busy village, which seemed like a city to Milly, who had never seen anything but the quiet country. But the most delightful part of the visit, she thought, was being among her cousins, whom she had hardly known before. There were quite a number of them, from big Ralph, who counted himself almost a man, to little Tom in his high chair. But Milly's favorites were the twins, Florry and Dorry, who were almost exactly her own age. What happy times those three did have together! They read story books, they dressed dolls; I cannot tell you half of all they did. Milly had been there four weeks, but it did n't seem four days.

Just now they all were absorbed in a valentine party, which was to come off the next day but one. Florry was cutting a big heart out of deep red

paper; Dorry, with a pencil in her mouth, was trying to find a rhyme; and Milly, who knew nothing about valentines, sat by stroking her kitten and admiring the cleverness of the other two.

"See," explained Florry, laying the heart on the lid of a pasteboard box, "this will go so, on top of the box, and the slit for the valentines so. When Ralph comes in I'm going to ask him to cut the slit for me."

"And where does the box go?" asked Milly, deeply interested.

"Oh, on the hall table, you know. Then all the boys and girls can drop their valentines in as they go up stairs, and nobody can tell who wrote any of them."

"I wish I could get this right," sighed Dorry. "Do help me Florry. It's for Luther Payne, you know, and I've got as far as

"I only wish, dear Luther,
You'd promise to be mine."

"There's 'valentine,' you see, to go with 'mine,' but I can't find any rhyme for 'Luther.'"

Neither could Dorry. As they were puzzling over it, a sound was heard in the hall, as of some one stamping the snow from his boots.

"There's Ralph," cried Florry; "now he'll cut the slit in the box."

Ralph came in.

"Here's a letter for you, Milly," he said.

"For me!" said Milly. "How funny! I never had a letter before. Oh, yes! there was the letter Auntie wrote asking me to come and see you; but that was to Grandma."

She opened the letter. Her face fell as she read.

"What's the matter?" asked Dorry. "What makes you look so?"

"Grandpapa's sick," answered Milly, in a choked voice. "He's caught cold, and feels badly all over; and, oh dear! I've got to go home."

"Not right away? Not before the party," cried the others.

Milly nodded. She was too nearly crying to trust herself to speak.

"But, unless Grandpa is very sick, you might stay till Thursday, surely," said Ralph. He took the letter that Milly held towards him, and read:

MY PRECIOUS MILLY:—Your dear little letter has just come, and I am so glad that you are well

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and happy. I am sorry to say that Grandpapa is sick; not dangerously sick, but he has caught a cold, and feels badly all over, he says. All yesterday and all to-day he has staid in bed; and, though he does n't say anything about it, I can see that he wishes you were at home. Would n't you like to come home, dear, and make the rest of your visit to Aunt Elizabeth at some other time? I am sure it would comfort Grandpapa and set him right up to see you again. Perhaps Uncle Silas could drive you over to-morrow; but I sha'n't tell Grandpapa that I'm looking for you, for fear that he might be disappointed, in case it should storm or anything should prevent you from coming.

Your loving

GRANDMAMMA.

"Why, you need n't go till Thursday, then," said Florry. "Grandmamma says she won't tell Grandpapa; so he'll not mind."

"Oh, yes, I must. I must go to-morrow," replied Milly. "Grandpapa gets into such low spirits when he has these colds. I know that Grandma wants me very much."

"But it's too bad," broke in Dora, almost crying; "you never had a valentine in your life, or went to a valentine party; and this is going to be such a nice one. You *must* stay. Think of going home to that forlorn house, Grandpa sick and all, when we're having such fun here."

"I sha'n't enjoy it one bit without you," cried Florry. "Don't go, Milly, don't! Your grandma don't positively expect you right away, you see. It'll do just as well if you're there on Thursday."

"No, it won't," said Milly, cheerfully. A big tear gathered in the corner of her eye and hopped down her nose, but her voice was quite firm. "Don't feel badly about it, please, for I don't. I could n't enjoy myself a bit if I knew that Grandpa was sick, and wanted me, and I was not there. It's been too lovely here, and I'm real sorry to go; but, perhaps, I can come some time when Grandpapa is well again."

Ralph looked and listened. He knew of the lump in Milly's throat as she uttered these brave words, and understood what a great disappointment it was for her to give up the valentine party. Auntie came in, and was as sorry as the children that Milly must go, though she kissed her and said it was quite right, and that Uncle Silas would drive her over to-morrow, as early as he could. Dorry and Florry comforted themselves with promises of future visits. Ralph said nothing. He seemed to be thinking very hard, however; and that evening, when Dorry wanted him, she found his bedroom door locked, and was informed from inside that he

was "busy." Ralph busy! What was the world coming to!

Next morning, quite early, he came in with his hat and coat on.

"Milly," he said, stooping over her, "I've got to go away on business, so I'll say good-bye to you now."

"Oh, sha'n't I see you again? I'm so sorry," replied Milly, putting her white violet face against his rough boy's cheek. "Good-bye, dear Ralph, you've been ever so good to me."

"Good? Stuff and nonsense," said Ralph, gruffly, and walked away.

"Where *has* Ralph gone, mamma?" asked Florry. "I thought only big, grown-up people had 'business.'"

"Ralph is pretty big," said Mamma, smiling, but she did n't answer Florry's question.

Just then Dorry held up Daisy, the largest and dearest of the kittens, to kiss Milly for "good-bye."



DAISY IN DOLLY'S CRIB.

"Oh, yes, Milly," put in Florry, "kiss her; you don't know how beautifully she does it."

Milly, laughing, to see "how beautifully Daisy did it," took pussy for a moment, as she sat by the cheerful fire, waiting for the signal to put on her cloak. Daisy really was a very intelligent puss. Milly's great delight had been to see her "go through her performances," as the children called it. She would sit in the corner at their bidding, make a bow, or "cry," rubbing her eyes with her paws; or, better than all, she would make believe go

to sleep in the dolly's crib. Milly thought of these things as she held Daisy's soft cheek against her own, and half wished she could take the little pet with her; meantime the children crowded about her, eager not to lose a moment of her precious company.

Uncle had business too, so it was three o'clock before Milly set off. The little cousins parted with tears and kisses.

"I don't care one bit for the party now," declared Dorry, as she took her last look at the carriage moving on in the distance.

It was a long, cold drive, and the sun was setting just as they drew up at Grandpapa's door. Grandmamma was watching in the window. When she saw Milly she nodded and looked overjoyed.

"I was just giving you up, my precious," she said, as she opened the door. "Grandpapa's been looking for you all day. I had to tell him. Run right in and see him, dear. You'll stay the night, Silas?"

"No, mother, I must be getting back. I'll just step in and see father a minute. Nothing serious is it?"

"No, I think not. Half of it was fretting after Milly. That child is the very apple of his eye."

Meantime Milly was in Grandpapa's room. When he heard the tap, tap of her crutch, he sat up in bed, looking bright and eager. Such a hug as he gave her!

"Grandpapa's darling! Grandpapa's little flower," he said, as he kissed her. How glad she was to have come! The disappointment about the party was quite forgotten.

All the evening long she sat by the side of the bed, telling him and Grandmamma about her visit. It seemed as if Grandpapa could not bear to have her out of his sight. At last Grandmamma interfered, and sent her up stairs so tired and sleepy that she just slipped off her clothes and went to bed as fast as she could. But, after she had said her prayers, and her head was on the pillow, the recollection of her disappointment and of the merry time the others were going to have on the morrow, came over her, and she was half inclined to cry.

"I won't. I won't think about it," she said. She did n't, but valentines seemed to run in her head; and all night long she dreamed about a valentine.

When she woke, the sun was streaming into the room. She guessed that it was late, and, as dressing was always a slow process, she got up at once. But, as she put her feet into her slippers, she gave a little start and pulled one out again. Something stiff and crackling was in the slipper. She looked; it was a note directed to "Miss Milly Meyers;" and inside were written these verses:

"Glass slippers, kid slippers, pray what does it matter?

It does n't matter at all.

Your foot, Milly dear, though I don't wish to flatter,

Is just as pretty and small

"As mine was of yore, in the days of the fairies,
When I went all in state to the dance,

With a rat on the box of my coach, and what rare is,

Mice steeds, full of spirit and prance.

"No fairy help do you need, dear Milly,
With your face so pure and sweet;

And the prince must, indeed, be dull and silly,

Who does not kneel at your feet.

"Yours affectionately,

"Cinderella."

Milly thought she must be dreaming again, as she sat on the bedside reading these verses. No! she was wide awake. There was the paper in her hand. Was ever anything so strange? She determined to dress as fast as possible, so as to get down stairs and tell Grandmamma of this wonderful thing.

But lo! when she went to brush her hair, she found another paper wound about the handle of the brush, with these lines:

"Brush your pretty hair,

Hair of sunny gold;

So I brushed mine in

Days of old.

"Yours is quite as soft,

Half as long;

Fit to figure in

Tale or song.

"Brushing day by day,

Some day you may be

Put into a book,

Just like me.

"The Fair One with the Golden Locks."

Milly clasped her hands in bewilderment. The quality of the poetry would have shocked the critics, it is true, but Milly thought she never before had read such beautiful verses. What did it mean? "Dicky, dear Dicky," she cried to the canary, who hung in the window, "who wrote them? Do tell me."

Dicky twittered by way of answer, and Milly saw that, hanging to the cage by a piece of thread,

was a third paper. Another valentine? Yes, there was the address, "Miss Milly Meyers."

"I am not 'blue,'
'T is very true;
But all the same
I do love you.

"I am a prince—
Pray do not wince,
My meaning soon
I will evince.

"I wear a beak
And do not speak,
That I your bower
May safely seek.

"Here do I sit,
And never flit;
But sing all day
For love of it.

"For love of you
I sing and sue;
Then be my own
Oh! maiden true.

"Prince Yellow Bird."

Milly dropped into a chair, too much amazed to stand.

"I wonder if there really *are* fairies," she said, "for never, in my whole life, did I hear of anything so queer and so delightful."

Then she took her crutches and limped across the room to wash her hands. But when she lifted the lid off the soap-tray she gave a little jump, for there, on the soap, lay another note. This was what it said:

"TO MILLY.

From her Valentine.

"Little hands, little heart,
Keep them pure and white,
Fit for heavenly errands
And the angels' sight.

"Other hands, tired hands,
Fearless, clasp and hold,
Warming, with warm touches,
Weary hearts and cold.

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Fair as lilies be,
When, life done, the angels
Come and call for thee."

Milly almost cried over this. She washed her hands slowly and carefully, repeating:

"So shall hands, so shall heart,
Pure as lilies be."

"Oh, I wish they were," she said to herself.

Fastening her dress, she felt in the pocket after a pocket handkerchief. None was there, but lo! a parcel met her touch. Wondering, she drew it out. The dress had not been with her at Uncle Silas's. It had been left hanging up at home, but there was no parcel in the pocket when last she wore it.

Milly's fingers trembled with excitement. She could hardly untie the string. Inside the tissue paper which wrapped it, was a cunning pink box, full of jeweler's cotton. Milly lifted it. Something lay beneath, so pretty and shining that she fairly screamed when she caught sight of it. It was a locket of clear white crystal, with a gold rim; and inside a tiny strip of pink paper, on which were these words:

"FOR MILLY, who gave up her own pleasure to make her sick grandpapa happy, with the compliments of

"St. Valentine."

Grandmamma was surprised enough a moment later, when Milly came into the dining-room almost at a run, her crutches clicking and tapping like castanets, and in her hand the locket and the four wonderful letters. She had never known her darling to be so much excited before.

"Did you ever see anything so lovely?" cried Milly. "I don't believe there will be any half so pretty at the party to-night. But who *did* send them, Grandmamma?"

"I can't imagine," replied Grandmamma, thoughtfully. "Ralph did n't say a word about them when he was here."

"Ralph here? Cousin Ralph? When?"

"Yesterday morning. He came over to see how Grandpapa was, he said. It was pretty dull for him, I'm afraid, for old Mrs. Beetles came in and I had to sit with her, and Ralph stayed most of the time with Grandpapa. He went up stairs, now I think of it, and I did hear him in your room. It's queer."

Milly said no more, but she looked surprisingly happy. She loved Ralph very much. Had he really taken all this trouble to give her a pleasure, she thought?

So you see, in spite of her losing the party, St. Valentine did pretty well for Milly, after all. Don't you think so?

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LIVELY TEAM.

"I WANT you to understand, Harry," said Mr. Loudon, one day, "that I do not disapprove of what you and Kate are doing for old Aunt Matilda. On the contrary, I feel proud of you both. The idea was honorable to you, and, so far, you have done very well; better than I expected; and I believe I was a little more sanguine than any one else in the village. But you must not forget that you have something else to think of besides making money for Aunt Matilda."

"But, don't I think of other things, father?" said Harry. "I'm sure I get along well enough at school."

"That may be, my boy; but I want you to get along better than well enough."

This little conversation made quite an impression on Harry, and he talked to Kate about it.

"I suppose father's right," said she; "but what's to be done about it? Is that poor old woman to have only half enough to eat, so that you may read twice as much Virgil?"

Harry laughed.

"But perhaps she will have five-eighths of enough to eat if I only read nine-sixteenths as much Latin," said he.

"Oh! you're always poking arithmetic fun at me," said Kate. "But I tell you what you can do," she continued. "You can get up half an hour earlier, every morning, and that will give you a good deal of extra time to think about your lessons."

"I can *think* about them in bed," said Harry.

"Humph!" said Kate; and she went on with her work. She was knitting a "tidy," worth two pounds of sugar, or half a pound of tea, when it should be finished.

Harry did not get up any earlier; for, as he expressed it, "It was dreadfully cold before breakfast," on those January mornings; but his father and mother noticed that the subject of Aunt Matilda's maintenance did not so entirely engross the conversation of the brother and sister in the evenings; and that they had their heads together almost as often over slate and school-books as over the little account-book in which Kate put down receipts and expenditures.

On a Thursday night, about the middle of January, there was a fall of snow. Not a very

heavy fall; the snow might have been deeper, but it was deep enough for sledding. On the Friday, Harry, in connection with another boy, Tom Selden, several years older than himself, concocted a grand scheme. They would haul wood, on a sled, all day Saturday.

It was not to be any trifling little "boy-play" wood-hauling. Harry's father owned a wood-sled—one of the very few sleds or sleighs in the county—which was quite an imposing affair, as to size, at least. It was about eight feet long and four feet wide; and although it was rough enough,—being made of heavy boards, nailed transversely upon a couple of solid runners, with upright poles to keep the load in its place,—it was a very good sled, as far as it went, which had not been very far of late; for there had been no good sledding for several seasons. Old Mr. Truly Matthews had a large pile of wood cut in a forest about a mile and a-half from the village, and the boys knew that he wanted it hauled to the house, and that, by a good day's work, considerable money could be made.

All the arrangements were concluded on Friday, which was a half-holiday, on account of the snow making traveling unpleasant for those scholars who lived at a distance. Harry's father gave his consent to the plan, and loaned his sled. Three negro men agreed to help for one-fourth of the profits. Tom Selden went into the affair, heart and hand, agreeing to take his share out in fun. What money was made, after paying expenses, was to go into the Aunt Matilda Fund, which was tolerably low about that time.

Kate gave her earnest sanction to the scheme, which was quite disinterested on her part, for, being a girl, she could not very well go on a wood-hauling expedition, and she could expect to do little else but stay at home and calculate the probable profits of the trips.

The only difficulty was to procure a team; and nothing less than a four-horse team would satisfy the boys.

Mr. Loudon lent one horse; old Selim, a big brown fellow, who was very good at pulling when he felt in the humor. Tom could bring no horse; for his father did not care to lend his horses for such a purpose. He was afraid they might get their legs broken; and, strange as it seemed to the boys, most of the neighbors appeared to have similar notions. Horses were very hard to borrow that Friday afternoon. But a negro man, named Isaac Waddell,

agreed to hire his thin horse, Hector, for fifty cents for the day; and the store-keeper, after much persuasion, lent a big grey mule, Grits, by name. There was another mule in the village, which the boys could have if they wanted her; but they did not want her—that is, if they could get anything else with four legs that would do to go in their team. This was Polly, a little mule, belonging to Mrs. Dabney, who kept the post-office. Polly was not only very little in size, but she was also very little given to going. She did not particularly object to a walk, if it were not too long, and would pull a buggy or carry a man with great complacency, but she seldom indulged in trotting. It was of no use to whip her. Her skin was so thick, or so destitute of feeling, that she did not seem to take any notice of a good hard crack. Polly was not a favorite, but she doubtless had her merits, although no one knew exactly what they were. Perhaps the best thing that could be said about her, was, that she did not take up much room.

But, on Saturday, it was evident that Polly would have to be taken, for no animal could be obtained in her place.

So, soon after breakfast, the team was collected in Mr. Loudon's back-yard, and harnessed to the sled. Besides the three negroes who had been hired, there were seven volunteers—some big and some little,—who were very willing to work for nothing, if they might have a ride on the sled. The harness was not the best in the world; some of it was leather, and some was rope and some was chain. It was gathered together from various quarters, like the team—nobody seemed anxious to lend good harness.

Grits and thin Hector were the leaders, and Polly and old Selim were the pole-horses, so to speak.

When all the straps were buckled, and the chains hooked, and the knots tied (and this took a good while, as there were only twelve men and boys to do it), Dick Ford jumped on old Selim, little Johnny Sand, as black as ink, was hoisted on Grits, and Gregory Montague, a tall yellow boy, with high boots and no toes to them, bestrode thin Hector. Harry, Tom, and nine negroes (two more had just come into the yard) jumped on the sled. Dick Ford cracked his whip; Kate stood on the back-door step and clapped her hands; all the darkies shouted; Tom and Harry hurrahed; and away they did not go.

Polly was not ready.

And what was more, old brown Selim was perfectly willing to wait for her. He looked around mildly at the little mule, as if he would say: "Now, don't be in a hurry, my good Polly. Be sure you're right before you go ahead."

Polly was quite sure she was not right, and stood as stiffly as if she had been frozen to the ground, and all the cracking of whips and shouting of "Get up!" "Go 'long!" "What you mean, dar? you Polly!" made no impression on her.

Then Harry made his voice heard above the hubbub.

"Never mind Polly!" he shouted. "Let her alone. Dick, and you other fellows, just start off your own horses. Now, then! Get up, all of you!"

At this, every rider whipped his horse or his mule, and spurred him with his heels, and every darkey shouted, "Hi, dar!" and off they went, rattledly bang!

Polly went, too. There was never such an astonished little mule in this world! Out of the gate they all whirled at a full gallop, and up the road, tearing along. Negroes shouting, chains rattling, snow flying back from sixteen pounding hoofs, sled cutting through the snow like a ship at sea, and a little darkey shooting out behind at every bounce over a rough place!

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, holding tight to an upright pole. "Is n't this splendid!"

"Splendid! It's glorious!" shouted Tom. "It's better than being a pi—." And down he went on his knees, as the big sled banged over a stone in the road, and Josephine's Bobby was bounced out into a snow-drift under a fence.

Whether Tom intended to say a pirate or a pyrotechnic, was never discovered; but, in six minutes, there was only one of the small darkies left on the sled. The men, and this one, John William Webster, hung on to the poles as if they were glued there.

As for Polly, she was carried along faster than she ever went before in her life. She jumped, she skipped, she galloped, she slid, she skated; sometimes sitting down, and sometimes on her feet, but flying along, all the same, no matter how she chose to go.

And so, rattling, shouting, banging, bouncing; snow flying and whips cracking, on they sped, until John William Webster's pole came out, and clip! he went heels over head into the snow.

But John William had a soul above tumbles. In an instant he jerked himself up to his feet, dropped the pole, and dashed after the sled.

Swiftly onward went the sled, and right behind came John William, his legs working like steam-boat wheels, his white teeth shining, and his big eyes sparkling!

There was no stopping the sled; but there was no stopping John William, either, and in less than two minutes he reached the sled, grabbed a man by the leg, and tugged and pulled until he seated himself on the end board.

"I tole yer so!" said he, when he got his breath. And yet he had n't told anybody anything.

And now the woods were reached, and after a deal of pulling and shouting, the team was brought to a halt, and then slowly led through a short road to where the wood was piled.

The big mule and the horses steamed and puffed a little, but Polly stood as calm as a rocking-horse.

Notwithstanding the rapidity of the drive, it was late when the party reached the woods. The gathering together and harnessing of the team had taken much longer than they expected; and so the boys set to work with a will to load the sled; for they wanted to make two trips that morning. But although they all, black and white, worked hard, it was slow business. Some of the wood was cut and split properly, and some was not, and then the sled had to be turned around, and there was but little room to do it in, and so a good deal of time was lost.

But at last the sled was loaded up, and they were nearly ready to start, when John William Webster, who had run out to the main road, set up a shout:

"Oh! Mah'sr Harry! Mah'sr Tom!"

Harry and Tom ran out to the road, and stood there petrified with astonishment.

Where was the snow?

It was all gone, excepting a little here and there in the shade of the fence corners. The day had turned out to be quite mild, and the sun, which was now nearly at its noon height, had melted it all away.

Here was a most unlooked-for state of affairs! What was to be done? The boys ran back to the sled, and the colored men ran out to the road, and everybody talked and nobody seemed to say anything of use.

At last Dick Ford spoke up:

"I tell ye what, Mah'sr Harry! I say, just let 's go 'long," said he.

"But how are you going to do it?" said Harry. "There 's no snow."

"I know that; but de mud 's jist as slippery as grease. That thar team kin pull it, easy nuf!"

Harry and Tom consulted together, and agreed to drive out to the road and try what could be done, and then, if the loaded sled was too much for the team they would throw off the wood and go home with the empty sled.

There was snow enough until they reached the road,—for very little had melted in the woods,—and when they got fairly out on the main road the team did not seem to mind the change from snow to thin mud.

The load was not a very heavy one, and there were two horses and two mules—a pretty strong team.

Polly did very well. She was now harnessed with

Grits in the lead; and she pulled along bravely. But it was slow work, compared to the lively ride over the snow. The boys and the men trudged through the mud, by the side of the sled, and, looking at it in the best possible light, it was a very dull way to haul wood. The boys agreed that after this trip they would be very careful not to go on another mud-sledding expedition.

But soon they came to a long hill, and, going down this, the team began to trot, and Harry and Tom and one or two of the men jumped on the edges of the sled, outside of the load, holding on to the poles. Then Grits, the big mule, began to run and Gregory could n't hold him in, and old Selim and thin Hector and little Polly all struck out on a gallop, and away they went, bumping and thumping down the hill.

And then stick after stick, two sticks, six sticks, a dozen sticks at a time, slipped out behind.

It was of no use to catch at them to hold them on. They were not fastened down in any way, and Harry and Tom and the men on the sled had as much as they could do to hold themselves on:

When they reached the bottom of the hill, the pulling became harder; but Grits had no idea of stopping for that. He was bound for home. And so he plunged on at the top of his speed. But the rest of the team did not fancy going so fast on level ground, and they slackened their pace.

This did not suit Grits. He gave one tremendous bound, burst loose from his harness and dashed ahead. Up went his hind legs in the air; off shot Gregory Montague into the mud, and then away went Grits, clipperty clap! home to his stable.

When Harry and Tom, the two horses, the little mule, the eight colored men, the sled, John William Webster and eleven logs of wood reached the village it was considerably after dinner-time.

When the horse hire was paid, and something was expended for mending borrowed harness, and the negroes had received a little present for their labor, the Aunt Matilda Fund was diminished by the sum of three dollars and eighty cents.

Mr. Truly Matthews agreed to say nothing about the loss of his wood that was scattered along the road.

CHAPTER IX.

BUSINESS IN EARNEST.

ALTHOUGH Harry did not find his wood-hauling speculation very profitable, it was really of advantage to him, for it gave him an idea.

And his idea was a very good one. He saw clearly enough that money could be made by hauling wood, and he was also quite certain that it would never do for him to take his time, especially

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during school term, for that purpose. So, after consultation with his father, and after a great deal of figuring by Kate, he determined to go into the business in a regular way.

About five miles from the village was a railroad station, and it was also a wood station. Here the railroad company paid two dollars a cord for wood delivered on their grounds.

Two miles from the station, on the other side of Crooked Creek, Harry's father owned a large tract of forest land, and here Harry received permission

get receipts for it from the station-master; and it was to be Harry's business to collect the money at stated times, and divide the proceeds according to the rate agreed upon. Harry and his father made the necessary arrangements with the station-master, and thus all the preliminaries were settled quite satisfactorily.

In a few days the negroes were at work, and as they both lived but a short distance from the creek, on the village side, it was quite convenient for them. John Walker had a stable in which to



GRITS CONCLUDES TO GO HOME BY HIMSELF.

to cut and take away all the wood that he wanted. Mr. Loudon was perfectly willing, in this way, to help his children in their good work.

So Harry made arrangements with Dick Ford and John Walker, who were not regularly hired to any one that winter, to cut and haul his wood for him, on shares. John Walker had a wagon, which was merely a set of wheels, with a board floor laid on the axletrees, and the use of this he contributed in consideration of a little larger share in the profits. Harry hired Grits and another mule at a low rate, as there was not much for mules to do at that time of the year.

The men were to cut and deliver the wood and

keep the mules, and the cost of their feed was also to be added to his share of the profits.

In a short time Harry had quite a number of applications from negroes who wished to cut wood for him, but he declined to hire any additional force until he saw how his speculation would turn out.

Old Uncle Braddock pleaded hard to be employed. He could not cut wood, nor could he drive a team, but he was sure he could be of great use as overseer.

"You see, Mah'sr Harry," he said, "I lib right on de outside edge ob you pa's woods, and I kin go ober dar jist as easy as nuffin, early every

mornin', and see dat dem boys does dere work, and don't chop down de wrong trees. Mind now, I tell ye, you all will make a pile o' money ef ye jist hire me to obersee dem boys."

For some time Harry resisted his entreaties, but at last, principally on account of Kate's argument that the old man ought to be encouraged in making something towards his living, if he were able and willing to do so, Harry hired him on his own terms, which were ten cents a day.

About four o'clock every afternoon during his engagement, Uncle Braddock made his appearance in the village, to demand his ten cents. When Harry remonstrated with him on his quitting work so early, he said:

"Why, you see, Mah'sr Harry, it's a long way from dem woods here, and I got to go all de way back home agin; and it gits dark mighty early dese short days."

In about a week the old man came to Harry and declared that he must throw up his engagement.

"What's the matter?" asked Harry.

"I'm gwine to gib up dat job, Mah'sr Harry."

"But why? You wanted it bad enough," said Harry.

"But I'm gwine to gib it up now," said the old man.

"Well, I want you to tell me your reasons for giving it up," persisted Harry.

Uncle Braddock stood silent for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Well, Mah'sr Harry, dis is jist de truf; dem ar boys, dey ses to me dat ef I come foolin' around dere any more, dey'd jist chop me up, ole wrapper an' all, and haul me off fur kindlin' wood. Dey say I was dry enough. An' dey need n't a made sich a fuss about it, fur I did n't trouble 'em much; hardly eber went nigh 'em. Ten cents' worf o' oberseein' aint a-gwine to hurt nobody."

"Well, Uncle Braddock," said Harry, laughing, "I think you're wise to give it up."

"Dat's so," said the old negro, and away he trudged to Aunt Matilda's cabin, where, no doubt, he ate a very good ten cents' worth of corn-meal and bacon.

This wood enterprise of Harry's worked pretty well on the whole. Sometimes the men cut and hauled quite steadily, and sometimes they did n't. Once every two weeks Harry rode over to the station, and collected what was due him; and his share of the profits kept Aunt Matilda quite comfortably.

But, although Kate was debarred from any share in this business, she worked every day at her tidies for the store, and knit stockings, besides, for some of the neighbors, who furnished the yarn and paid her a fair price. There were people who thought Mrs. Loudon did wrong in allowing her daughter

to work for money in this way, but Kate's mother said that the end justified the work, and that so long as Kate persevered in her self-appointed tasks, she should not interfere.

As for Kate, she said she should work on, no matter how much money Harry made. There was no knowing what might happen.

But the most important part of Kate's duties was the personal attention she paid to Aunt Matilda. She went over to the old woman's cabin every day or two, and saw that she was kept warm and had what she needed.

And these visits had a good influence on the old woman, for her cabin soon began to look much neater, now that a nice little girl came to see her so often.

When the spring came on, Aunt Matilda actually took it into her head to whitewash her cabin, a thing she had not done for years. She and Uncle Braddock worked at it by turns. The old woman was too stiff and rheumatic to keep at such work long at a time; but she was very proud of her whitewashing; and when she was tired of working at the inside of her cabin, she used to go out and whitewash the trunks of the trees around the house. She had seen trees thus ornamented, and she thought they were perfectly beautiful.

Kate was violently opposed to anything of this kind, and, at last, told Aunt Matilda that if she persisted in surrounding her house with what looked like a forest of tombstones, she, Kate, would have to stop coming there.

So Aunt Matilda, in a manner, desisted.

But one day she noticed a little birch tree, some distance from the house, and the inclination to whitewash that little birch was too strong to be resisted.

"He's so near white, anyway," she said to herself, "dat it's a pity not to finish him."

So off she hobbled with a tin cup full of whitewash and a small brush to adorn the little birch tree, leaving her cabin in the charge of Holly Thomas.

Holly, whose whole name was Hollywood Cemetery Thomas, was a little black girl, between two and five years old. Sometimes she seemed nearly five and sometimes not more than two. Her parents intended christening her Minerva, but hearing the name of the well-known Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, they thought it so pretty that they gave it to their little daughter, without the slightest idea, however, that it was the name of a graveyard.

Holly had come over to pay a morning visit to Aunt Matilda, and she had brought her only child, a wooden doll, which she was trying to teach to walk, by dragging it about, head foremost, by a long string tied around its neck.

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"Now den, you Holly, you stay h'yar and mind de house while I's gone," said Aunt Matilda, as she departed.

"All yite," said the little darkey, and she sat down on the floor to prepare her child for a coat of whitewash; but she had not yet succeeded in convincing the doll of the importance of the operation when her attention was aroused by a dog just outside of the door.

It was Kate's little woolly white dog, Blinks, who

hour. Aunt Tillum 'll be bat den. Don't yer hear now, go 'way!"

But, instead of going away, Blinks trotted in, as bold as a four-pound lion.

"Go 'way, go 'way!" screamed Holly, squeezing herself up against the wall in her terror, and then Blinks barked at her. He had never seen a little black girl behave so, in the whole course of his life, and it was quite right in him to bark and let her know what he thought of her conduct.

Then Holly, in her fright, dropped her doll, and when Blinks approached to examine it, she screamed louder and louder, and Blinks barked more and more, and there was quite a hubbub. In the midst of it a man put his head in at the door of the cabin.

He was a tall man, with red hair and a red freckled face, and a red bristling moustache, and big red hands.

"What 's all this noise about?" said he; and when he saw what it was, he came in.

"Get out of this, you little beast!" said he to Blinks, and putting the toe of his boot under the little dog, he kicked him clear out of the door of the cabin. Then turning to Holly, he looked at her pretty much as if he intended to kick her out too. But he did n't. He put out one of his big red hands and said to her:

"Shake hands."

Holly obeyed without a word, and then snatching her wooden child from

the floor, she darted out of the door and reached the village almost as soon as poor Blinks.

In a minute or two Aunt Matilda made her appearance at the door. She had heard the barking and the screaming, and had come to see what was the matter.

When she saw the man, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mah'sr George! Is dat you?"

"Yes, it's me," said the man. "Shake hands, Aunt Matilda."



"GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY!" SCREAMED HOLLY.

often used to come to the cabin with her, and who sometimes, when he got a chance to run away, used to come alone, as he did this morning.

"Go 'way dar, litty dog," said Miss Holly; "yer can't come in; dere's nobody home. Yun 'long, now, d' yer y'ear!"

But Blinks either did n't hear or did n't care, for he stuck his head in at the door.

"Go 'way, dere!" shouted Holly, "Aunt Tillum aint home. Go 'way now and tum bat in half an

"I thought you was down in Mississippi, Mah'sr George," said the old woman; "and I thought you was gwine to stay dar."

"Could n't do it," said the man. "It did n't suit me, down there. Five years of it was enough for me."

"Enough fur dem, too, p'raps!" said Aunt Matilda, with a grim chuckle.

The man took no notice of her remark but said:

"I did n't intend to stop here, but I heard such a barking and screaming in your cabin, that I turned out of my way to see what the row was about. I've just come up from the railroad. Does old Michaels keep store here yet?"

"No, he don't," said Aunt Matilda: "he's dead. Mah'sr Darby keeps dar now."

"Is that so?" cried the man. "Why, it was on old Michaels' account that I was sneakin' around the village. Why, I'm mighty glad I stopped

here. It makes things different if old Michaels is n't about."

"Well, ye might as well go 'long," said Aunt Matilda, who seemed to be getting into a bad humor. "There's others who knows just as much about yer bad doin's as Mah'sr Michaels did."

"I suppose you mean that meddling humbug, John Loudon," said the man.

"Now, look h'yar, you George Mason!" cried Aunt Matilda, making one long step towards the whitewash bucket; "jist you git out o' dat dar door!" and she seized the whitewash brush and gave it a terrific swash in the bucket.

The man looked at her—he knew her of old—and then he left the cabin almost as quickly as Blinks and Holly went out of it.

"Ef it had n't been fur dat little dog," said Aunt Matilda, grumly, "he'd a gone on. Them little dogs is always a-doin' mischief."

(To be continued.)

JOHN MARTIN'S SNOWBALL.

(Translation of French Story in January Number.)

THERE are persons who believe that anyone can make a good snowball, and there are also persons who suppose that it is an easy thing to play well on the violin.

One of these opinions is as incorrect as the other.

To make a really good snowball requires a special education. In the first place, one must be a judge of snow, which must not be too wet or too dry. Then it is necessary to know how to make the ball round and symmetrical, and how to cause it to become firm and solid, by squeezing it, not too hard, between the knees. In a word, snowball making is a science.

John Martin was a master of this science. He was a boy who was always glad to make himself perfect in any pursuit not connected with his business.

Snowballing was not connected with his business; for John was an apprentice to a baker.

Early in the winter of 1872, there was a beautiful snow-storm. The snow was neither too wet nor too dry. John ran into the street to have a good quarter of an hour at snowballing. He filled both his hands with snow; he rounded it, he squeezed it, not too hard, between his knees. He made a magnificent snowball. It was now only necessary to throw it at some one, and the destiny of the snowball would be fulfilled. He did not wait long for an opportunity; for he soon saw, coming down the street, old Mr. Anthony White, with his good wife, Mrs. White. When they had passed

him, John took good aim, and threw his snowball.

It was a grand shot.

Then John cast his eyes upon the ground, and looked as innocent as a lamb.

Old Mr. White gave one great jump.

"Oh!" he cried, "what is that? I have been struck by an avalanche of snow. It has, perhaps, fallen from a house-top. Ugh! it is in my ear. It is trickling down my neck. I feel it inside of my flannel jacket. Oh! but it is cold! Horrible! Why did I come in the streets when the snow is falling from the house-tops in this fashion?"

But his good wife, Mrs. White, did not allow herself to be deceived. She knew that the snow did not fall from the top of a house. She had been looking back, and she had seen John throw the snowball. "Ah! you bad boy!" she cried; "I saw you. You threw the snow at my good husband. I shall tell the mayor, and you shall be put in jail. You young rascal!"

"Oh! good Mrs. White!" cried John, looking up in astonishment, "are they then throwing snowballs? Oh! the bad boys! I am afraid some one will throw one of those terrible snowballs at me. I shall run home. I have no flannel jacket; and if a snowball should go down my back I should perish with cold. I thank you, my good lady, for warning me. Good-by!"

And away ran the innocent John Martin to make another snowball, and to wait for another old gentleman, that he might hit him behind the ear.

GERMAN STORY, FOR TRANSLATION.

Hans Rhytzer's Frühstück.

Von J. E.

Es war einmal ein Mann, der hieß Hans Rhytzer. Der war so zerstreut, daß er manchmal an seiner eigenen Hausthür klingelte und fragte, ob Herr Rhytzer zu Hause sei; und was dergleichen Thorheiten mehr sind.

Eines Tages stand Hans auf der Straße und dachte ernstlich darüber nach, wo er sein Frühstück hernehmen sollte. Wo konnte er etwas zu essen bekommen? Er war fürchterlich hungrig und hatte nicht einen Pfennig in der Tasche. Des

hungrig und habe kein Geld, und es ist zu weit, nach Hause zu gehen, um dort zu frühstücken. Ist das nicht genug, um mich trübe zu stimmen? — In demselben Augenblicke erblickte sein Freund eine Wurst, die aus Hansens Rocktasche herausguckte.

„Ah," sagte er, „ich sehe, was Dir fehlt. Du vergaßst Dein Frühstück mitzunehmen?"

„Ja," sagte Hans, „ich wußte, daß ich den ganzen Tag über von Hause sein würde, und ich habe mein Frühstück vergessen."

„Das ist schlimm," sagte sein Freund, der ein lustiger Bursche war, „und es thut mir leid, daß ich Dir nicht helfen kann, denn ich habe kein Geld bei mir."

„Ja, das macht die Sache noch schlimmer," sagte Hans nachdenklich, „wahrscheinlich werde ich krank werden."

„Ich kann Dir nur einen Rath geben," sagte sein Freund. — „Und was ist der?" — „Du magst es vielleicht nicht gern thun,"

sagte der Andere. — „Raths es ehrlich und gerecht ist und einen rechtlichen Mann nicht schamroth macht, so will ich's thun," sagte Hans, „denn ich bin sehr hungrig."

„Die Sache ist meiner Ansicht nach völlig tugendhaft," sagte sein Freund, „dennoch aber magst Du sie nicht ausführen wollen."

„Warum denn nicht?" fragte Hans.

„Weil Du es bisher nicht gethan hast," antwortete sein Freund. „Die Sache ist ganz einfach. Alles was Du zu thun hast, ist, Deine Hand in Deine Rocktasche zu stecken und die dicke Wurst herauszuholen, die ich da sehe, und bei der jedenfalls auch etwas Brod steckt, denn ich sehe, Deine Tasche ist gestopft voll."

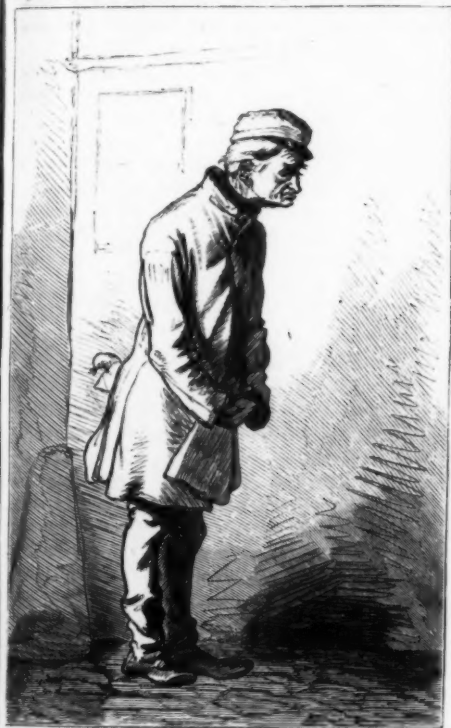
Hans schaute ganz verwundert auf, dann steckte er beide Hände in seine Rocktasche und zog mit vieler Mühe eine große Wurst und einen halben Laib Roggenbrod heraus. Mit der Wurst in der einen und dem Brod in der anderen Hand stand er ganz verduert da, während sein Freund laut lachend von dannen ging. Hans versank nun in eine neue Träumerei, und während er sich wunderte, wie nur dies alles so zugegangen sein konnte, vergaß er sein Frühstück vollständig, bis daß es fast Abend war. Nun dachte er, könnte er auch gerade so gut nach Hause gehen und ein warmes Abendbrod haben, als die kalte Wurst und das Brod zu essen, die er lieber den Hunden geben wollte, von denen eine Anzahl um ihn herum sprangen und bellten; denn die Speise, die Hans so lange in Händen gehabt, hatte sie angelockt.

Aber Hans vergaß auch das und ging nach Hans mit Brod und Wurst in der Hand und sämtlichen Hunde hinter ihm her.

Als er nach Hause kam, klingelte man gerade zum Abendessen. In demselben Augenblicke sah Hans zufällig die Speisen, die er in der Hand hielt. Hans in seiner Zerstretheit vergaß nun alles in der Welt, setzte sich auf die Haustreppe und aß seine Wurst und Brod bis auf den letzten Bissen.

Louis M. Fishback, Annie C. MacKie, Effie L. C. Gates and Sidie V. B. Parker. Lucy G. Bull, a little girl only twelve years old, sends a remarkably good metrical translation of this story.

Very good translations of "John Martin's Snowball," in the January number have been sent in by "Inconnue," Harvey M. Mansfield, Edgar G. T., Scott O. McWhorter, Susan Thayer, H. H. Ziegler, James G. Dagron, Miriam Davis and Fred. W. Hobbs.



Wergens früh war er ausgegangen, um einen weiten Weg zu machen und um nach Hause zu gehen, war es nun zu weit.

Je mehr er über seine unglückliche Lage nachdachte, desto melancholischer ward er, und er sah so miserabel aus, daß einer seiner Freunde, der auf der anderen Seite der Straße vorüberging, zu ihm herüberkam und ihn fragte, was es denn gäbe?

Hans blickte auf und sagte in wehmüthigem Tone: „Ich bin

We are much pleased with the interest that our readers have shown in the German and French sketches that we have given them for translation. Those who are able to render the above little story into English will find out something quite curious about that poor gentleman in the picture.

The best translations of the French story in our December number — "Half a Loaf is Better than No Bread" — were sent in by

SOME BOYS IN AFRICA.

By M. S.

A BOOK for big boys has recently been written by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who, two years ago, led a small body of men through Central Africa, in a search for Dr. Livingstone, the great African traveler. It is a story showing what kind of men live in Central Africa, and their manners and customs. It also gives some account of the tropical forests, and of the great savage beasts who roam through them.

A company of wealthy Arabs, who lived on the island of Zanzibar, organized an expedition to proceed into the interior of Africa to obtain slaves, ivory, and copper. Five Arab boys, sons of the chief men of the party, accompanied this expedition. The caravan proceeded without serious interruption to Lake Tanganika, where it encountered two numerous and warlike tribes of Negroes, the Waruri and Watuta. A fierce battle took place, in which the Arabs were routed, and most of them killed. The survivors, being prisoners of war, were made slaves, according to the universal custom of the African tribes.

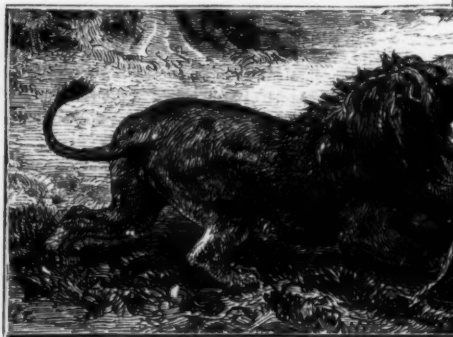
Then commenced a long and weary march for the slaves, including four of the Arab boys, the eldest of the five boys having been slain in the battle. Their sufferings were great, and two died upon the road. There were then but two left, Selim, who was fifteen years old, and Abdullah, who was somewhat younger.

Their destination was the chief village of the tribe; and, when within five days' march of it, Selim effected his escape. In the middle of the night, when the camp was perfectly quiet, he slipped out of his bonds, and walked quickly, but

cautiously, to a tree near by, where he knew some weapons had been placed, and selecting a gun, a powder-horn, a cartridge-box, and a couple of spears, he made his way softly into the forest.

He walked steadily all the rest of that night, and part of the next day, until he came to a pool of cool fresh water, where he quenched his thirst. Near this pool there was a large tree, with a hole in the trunk some distance above the ground. Peeping cautiously into this, Selim saw that it led to a hollow in the tree, which was empty, and large enough to hold him and his weapons. He crept in, and, being very tired, was asleep in a few minutes.

When he awoke it was night. Everything was quiet. He got up and looked out. He could not see anything distinctly, but he thought there was a dark object moving stealthily towards the tree, and immediately afterwards a most horrible and unearthly laugh rang through the woods. Selim knew by this that it was a hyena; though startled, he was not much frightened, feeling sure the beast

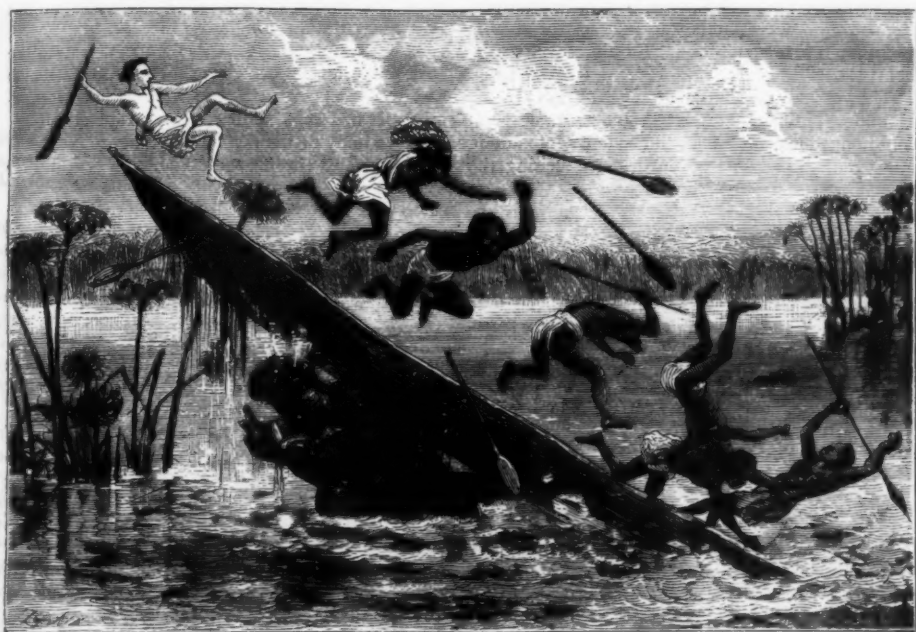


SELIM BESIEGED BY A LION.

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UPSET BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

could not get at him. The hyena, he thought, was of the same opinion, for it glided away.

But he soon found there was another reason for its moving away. Again a dark form, larger than the other, came stealthily towards the tree, and the sound that then rang through the forest made Selim tremble. It was a terrible roar, deep and long. This time his visitor was a lion, and Selim soon had a near view of him at the foot of the tree. The creature was lashing his tail, and his eyes were like coals of fire. Selim sprang back from the opening, and seized his gun, though he did not think the lion would try to get through that small hole. But that was just what he did try to do. He leaped up and got his nose through, and endeavored to drag himself in. Selim's heart almost stood still with fear, but he did not lose his wits. He thrust the muzzle of his gun against the lion's head and fired, and the great beast fell dead outside.

This was the most dangerous of Selim's adventures while alone in the forest. After wandering about for some days and finding very little to eat, he was discovered, faint with hunger, and carried to the chief village of the Watuta, where Abdullah and the other captives had already arrived.

The two boys had the good fortune to secure

the friendship and protection of Kalulu, a boy about Selim's age, the adopted son and heir of the Watuta king. They were assigned quarters as comfortable as the negro cabins afforded, and were treated by Kalulu as honored guests, and he entertained them with various amusements.

Of these the hunting expeditions were the most exciting. And, among the best of them, was the hippopotamus hunt. The three boys set out gaily one morning for the river Liemba, a short distance from the village. They were accompanied by two warriors of the tribe, and also by two negro men, Simba and Moto, who had formerly been slaves to Selim's father, and who, now that the father had been slain in battle, resolved not to forsake the son, but to watch over and care for him. Simba was a giant in size and strength, and Moto was the man of brains. He had a very cunning head on his shoulders, and could always give good advice.

The party were well armed. They soon reached the river, and getting into a canoe, paddled swiftly down the stream to the feeding grounds of the hippopotami. They landed at noon upon an island, and had just finished their lunch when they heard a low, deep bellowing very near them. They were on their feet in an instant, and ran noiselessly to the edge of the island, and counted

the heads of a herd of hippopotami quietly enjoying the cool, deep waters.

"Five of them!" cried Kalulu. "Now for sport!"

They quickly divested themselves of part of their clothing, anticipating the possibility of a swim, and jumped into the canoe, Simba and Moto taking the paddles, and one of the warriors seizing the

Abdullah, who was wounded by a crocodile but rescued by Kalulu, Simba, and Moto.

After landing and taking care of Abdullah, the next proceeding was to hunt for the canoe, which had been dragged off by the wounded hippopotamus. It was found among the reeds of the island, with the body of the dead hippopotamus still fastened to it by the harpoon line. Together they



"FIRE!" CRIED MOTO.

harpoon, to plunge it into the animal that should first approach.

They had not long to wait. A monstrous head and neck soon arose out of the water, close to the bow of the boat. At the same instant the harpoon was shot into the neck. The wounded animal immediately sank and swam up the river, dragging the boat after him with frightful speed, for the rope of the harpoon was fastened to it. But in a few minutes the speed slackened, and the boat began to float down stream. "Pull back!" cried the harpooner. Simba and Moto dashed the paddles into the water, but it was too late; up came the gigantic head of the hippopotamus, right under the canoe, which was shot into the air, while its occupants tumbled heels over head into the water.

They all swam to the shore in safety except

dragged the huge creature into shallow water, and loaded the canoe with part of his flesh, which is esteemed a great delicacy. Then they lifted Abdullah carefully into the boat, and returned to the village, where the young Arab soon recovered from his wound.

After some months of this kind of life, the old king died, and the boy, Kalulu, was proclaimed king. But, being attacked by an army of his disaffected subjects, Kalulu was made a prisoner and a slave; and Selim, Abdullah, Simba and Moto went with him into slavery in a distant part of the country of the Watuta. After a time they succeeded in making their escape, and together they traveled through the forests and jungles, exposed to dangers from men and beasts.

This long journey of several months is the most

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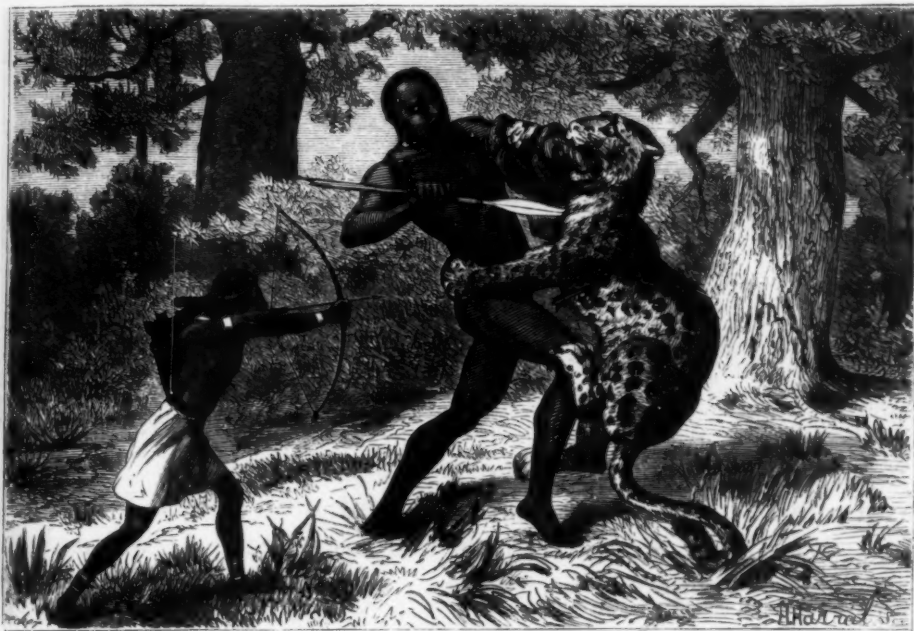
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interesting part of the story. Simba and Moto knew all about the forest, its plants, its animals, and its savage tribes, and were good guides and guardians for the three boys.

One evening they formed their camp near a stream of water in a beautiful plain, dotted here and there with great trees.

About midnight they were aroused from their

the grass. Through the gloom they could now distinguish his eyes, shining like specks of light. Suddenly he turned and confronted them, and, with an appalling roar, the savage beast drew nearer, until his form was fearfully plain to the company watching him. Only a few seconds now passed, when it became evident that the lion was preparing for a spring.



SIMBA AND THE LEOPARD.

slumbers by the roar of a lion. The animal was evidently not far off, and they were immediately all on the alert.

"I see him," whispered Kalulu. "There! look at him! See that dark form slowly moving past that big tree! There! He stops, and looks this way!"

"Hush!" whispered Simba. "He is coming. Be ready and sure with your guns!"

Meantime the lion had been slowly advancing; but the little party was now perfectly still and ready for him. They could faintly discern his form as he approached, but his soft, padded feet made no sound whatever as they touched the ground. When quite near, he stopped, and then they could hear the brushing of his tail as he gently switched it over

"Fire!" was the sharp word of command from Moto.

The three guns blazed out their fire at the same instant, lighting up the form of the springing lion; and a savage yell, and a dull, heavy thud upon the earth announced that the victory was on the side of gunpowder.

It was some time after this, and when they were approaching the end of their long journey, that the boys came near losing their good and powerful friend, Simba, who was attacked by a leopard. With Kalulu's aid, however, the beast was killed.

The party had many other adventures, but they finally reached Zanzibar, where they no longer had savages, lions and leopards to fight, and where we must leave them.

MY PET LAMB.

WHEN I was a small boy, I had a nice pet. An old sheep had died, and John brought her lamb to the house. It was cold, and he said it would die. So he gave it to me.

I put the poor thing on the rug by the fire. I gave it some warm milk



with a spoon. It drank some of the milk, and soon it got up on its feet and said, "Ma! ma!" It was sad to hear it cry so, when the old sheep could not come.



At last it got quite well, and would run and play with me. Then it drank milk out of a dish. And soon it would eat grass in the yard. I had some fine games with my dear pet. I would run and hide, and wait for it to find me. Once I went to hide by a bank, and fell down a steep place. It was a deep ditch, and I could not get out. But the lamb came to find me, and stood by the ditch, and cried,



"Baa! baa!" I think it meant to call John. I cried too. Then John came and took me out.

When it was quite small, it would butt me with its head. It was in play; and I thought it great fun. I would get down on my hands and knees, and butt with it.



But as it grew large, it got to butt quite hard. "Don't do so!" I would say; but it did not know it hurt me. So

when it came to butt me, I would put down my head, and let it butt over me. But once, when I went to do so, a blade of grass tickled my nose. That made me lift my head, and the lamb hit me a hard blow.

Then I found I had taught him a bad trick. He would run at the boys and girls who came to the yard, and scare and hurt them. It was fun to him, but it was not fun to them!

So he grew to be a big ram, and we called his name Dan. He was not a nice pet any more, for he

would run at all of us, if we came near. So one day we thought we would play him a trick. It was this:

We took some of John's old clothes and stuffed them out with straw; we set them up on sticks, and put a big hat on top.

When he saw the thing, he thought it was some queer old man; so he ran at it with all his might.

At last Dan got so bad he had to be sold. If you have a pet lamb, do not teach him to butt; he will turn out bad if you do.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OLD PROBABILITIES announces that February may be expected. All right. Let it come; ST. NICHOLAS is ready for it.

Somebody has written asking Jack to tell you everything about St. Valentine's day. What does he take me for? Just as if my poor children would n't hear enough about it without their own faithful Jack shaking an encyclopædia at them. Why, every newspaper in the country will have a column about it, and the readers are respectfully expected to let it go in one eye and out of the other, so that they'll be ready to read the account all over again next February. No, no! Jack won't pester you, dear friends, with the story of the good saint who never dreamed of such a thing as a valentine, nor quote old rhymes to you about the birds that went a-mating; but he just hopes you'll get all the valentines you want, and that they'll be as pretty and sweet and lively as the song of the Bob-o'-link. So no more at present on that subject.

THE BOY AND GIRL IN THE MOON.

SUCH queer things as the birds do tell me! You have seen the man in the moon, and heard his story, perhaps, how he was banished there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. But I'm told that in Sweden the peasants' children see, instead of the man, a boy and a girl in the moon, bearing between them a pail of water. This is on account of an old Scandinavian legend, which means a legend known to Sweden and Norway in ancient times, when their name was Scandinavia. Well, the legend says that Måni, the moon, stole these two children while they were drawing water from a well. Their names were Hjnki and Bil. They were lifted up to the moon along with the bucket and the well-pole, and placed where they could be seen from the earth. When next you look at the round, full moon, remember this story,

and if you have imagination enough, perhaps you will see Hjnki and Bil with their pail of water.

CAROLINE AND MARY.

Two pretty little girls? No indeed. An English sparrow told me about them. Colonel Caroline Scott was a very corpulent, very active, very gentle, and useful man who, according to a British writer, "died a sacrifice to the public in the service of the East India Company," about a hundred and twenty years ago. There was another man, a Captain Caroline Scott, famous for his cruel deeds among the Scotch Highlanders; but Jack prefers the Colonel. As for Mary, *his* last name was Voltaire. He had other Christian names too, and these appear to have been the only Christian things about him. He had a great head of his own, or rather a great brain in his little head: but he was wanting in faith, so the poor fellow wrote seventy learned books about it. And at last he died from taking too big a dose of something to make him sleep.

I hope none of my little Marys will write seventy volumes, and be kept awake by such thinkings and doubtings as troubled poor Voltaire.

QUEER TALKING.

"You boys and girls, just before the shirt-collar and back-hair age, manage to twist words in a comical way. Often I have a good time listening to the wee folk who come to our meadow.

One day a little girl, seeing, in the last part of one of her Christmas books, that a sequel to it would soon be published, called out to a playmate, "O, Kitty! is n't this nice? *My new book's got a sequel to it!*"

But she was quite accurate, compared with a little bit of a boy, who came to the creek with some other children, one day last summer, to look for water cresses.

"I'm goin' to take a awful lot o' cresses home to mamma," he said, trudging along as briskly as his fat little legs would allow; "'cause my mamma's got a *fidgelator*, what'll keep everything as cold as ice, to put 'em in. Your mamma got one?"

"No, she aint," answered a tow-headed little chap; "but she's got a steel egg-beater!"

"Ho! a leg-beater!" shouted my wee youngster, turning squarely about to look at the speaker. "What's that for?"

"Why, to beat eggs with, you goosey!"

"Ho!" screeched the little chap, in great scorn. "She'd better look out! If she goes to beatin' eggs she'll break 'em. Eggs is brittler than anything. Guess you 'most don't know what you 're talkin' 'bout!"

HOUSE BREAKING AND BURGLARY.

WHAT do you think a magpie once told me? He said there was a decided difference between house-breaking and burglary. I thought he ought to know, since the magpie family have no great reputation for honesty; but of course I did n't say so, as he was my guest. According to his account, burglary is a night-time offence, and house-breaking belongs to the day. He said I'd find that he was right if I looked in the dictionary; but I did n't happen to have one by me just then. How is it? Jack does n't recommend either of these little practices as a profession; but it's well to know something about them. Young magpie insisted that Blackstone, a great fellow among the lawyers, said there could be no burglary in the day-time.

QUANTITY OF SALT IN THE OCEAN.

EVERYBODY knows that the waters of the ocean are very salt to the taste; but how many of you have thought of the immense quantities of salts of different kinds that must be in the Atlantic and the Pacific to give a flavor to such enormous bodies of water?

Scientific men have thought about it; and one of them (Captain Maury) has told us that if all the various salts of these oceans could be separated from the water and spread out equally over the northern half of this continent, they would form a covering *one mile deep*. So heavy would be this mass of salts that all the mechanical inventions of man, aided by all the steam and all the water power in the world, could not move it so much as one inch in even centuries of time.

Dear me! I'm glad Jack-in-the-Pulpits are not marine plants. We'd be in pretty pickle if we were.

A HINDOO LETTER.

YOU all have heard of the late Governor Seward, I suppose, and how, though he was an old man, he made a journey around the world, and afterward wrote a big book about it. Did you ever hear of the letter he received from a Maharajah of Hindostan, the richest and one of the most distinguished men of the country? This letter was only a friendly line to Governor Seward, requesting the honor of a visit; but think of the style! It was written by the great Maharajah's secretary, in beautiful Arabic characters, on gilt paper. The envelope was not like those used in America, but was a bag of the finest *kincob*; that is, a kind of silk, woven stiff with golden threads, and costing about seventy-five dollars a yard. The bag and the letter within it were perfumed with costly attar of roses, and the whole was tied with a silken cord, on which was suspended the great waxen seal of

the kingdom, principality, or state of Puttenla. This seal alone weighed four ounces.

Somebody sent President Grant a postal card the other day. I wonder what His Magnificence the Maharajah would think of *that*.

COLD WEATHER TALK.

I HAD a snow-bird reception not long ago. My! how the little creatures did hop about from one subject to another! They left my head in a whirl; but I'm inclined to think there's reason in a good deal that they told me. For instance, it appears that troops of boys and girls are made ill now-a-days by throwing off their coats and cloaks when overheated in skating, and then sitting down to rest without first putting them on again,—kneeling down on the cold ice to put on their skates, too! It does n't seem possible; but I've actually seen youngsters do it!

Fortunate, is n't it? that ice, in forming, fills itself full of air needles, in some way, so that it is light enough to float on the water. If it was n't for this, it would sink as fast as it formed, and the lakes and rivers would soon be solid ice from top to bottom, and then ten suns could n't melt them.

By the way, we had quite a discussion as to why icebergs *turn over* as they do. Some of us held that an iceberg, as its top melted, had nothing to do but settle itself in the water, according to its own weight and shape, and others of us held that it appeared to be otherwise. I forgot which side I was on. What do you think about it, my dears?

Another subject came up, which I promised to mention: The birds take it very kindly when children throw out crumbs for them this cold weather.

EIGHT NEW CONUNDRUMS.

HERE are some brand-new conundrums from my friend Jack Daw:

Who is our most distant relation? Our Aunt Tipodes.

Why should a Spaniard be the most enduring of mortals? Because he loves Spain.

Why are E and A like good people? Because they meet in heaven.

When is a poor white like a Guinea negro? When he lives in Ashantee.

When is an artist a very poor artist? When he can't draw a check.

What is the difference between an article put up at auction and sin? One is bid for, and the other forbid.

Why does one become a spiritualist in cold weather? Because he then believes in wrappings.

When a man turns his horses to pasture, what color does he change them to? He turns them in to graze (grays).

MISCHIEF IN THE STUDIO.

A PANTOMIME IN TWO SCENES.

By G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS.

A CROSS OLD ARTIST, *in dressing gown, white wig, and spectacles.*

ERNEST (*his son*), *in linen blouse and knee breeches.*

CLARIBEL, *a poor peasant girl, beloved by ERNEST, dressed in white waist, bodice, red skirt.*

A MILKMAN, *in straw hat and shirt sleeves.*

A BOY and a GIRL, *disguised as statues of HERCULES and the FISHER MAIDEN.*

THE statues are draped in cotton sheets, the hands and arms covered with white gloves sewed upon old stocking-legs, the faces chalked with lily white; the boy has a wig made of cotton-wadding, the girl has a similar one ornamented with braids of cotton flannel. He holds a club made of cotton cloth stuffed with rags; she holds a fishing-pole covered with cloth, with a white twine line and a pin hook on the end of it.

Before putting on his wig, the artist must have his head covered with a tight-fitting oiled-silk cap, and he uses a large ear-trumpet. The milkman has a can of chalk and water, which is sometimes used to imitate milk, and a quart measure.

The room is arranged to resemble a studio; a large easy-chair in centre of the room, at the left of which is a table covered with a cloth. Directly behind the table is an easel holding a picture-frame, upon the back side of which is tacked a dark brown cambric curtain, fastened only at the top edge of the frame on the back side, so arranged that it may be lifted up at the bottom to admit a person who thus represents a picture, the body being concealed by the table which stands close before the easel. A large picture of a cat and a hideous face are pasted upon a sheet of pasteboard, the edges of which are cut out to fit the picture. The person who has stood for the picture can easily stoop behind the table and pass up the pictures behind the frame and in front of the hanging curtain, so that the pictures will change instantly. The statues each stand in the two back corners of the room, each upon a table covered with a sheet; their eyes must be closed, and they must stand as still as possible. A palette and a few brushes lie upon the table in front of the easel, and a few books and pieces of music in confusion; also, a plate and two cups and saucers.

If an easel is not at hand, two strips of wood four inches wide, eight feet long, nailed at the top in the form of a letter A, with a cross-bar to hold the picture, will do as well. The lower edge of the picture may rest on the back edge of the table, and must be no higher.

THE PANTOMIME.

SCENE I.

The ARTIST enters; moves cautiously around as if listening for some one; thinks he hears footsteps; hides behind the table, so that the large end of his ear-trumpet

rests upon it, while the small end is at his ear. MILKMAN enters, measures a quart of milk, fills the cups and looks around for a dish to hold the rest, sees trumpet, looks pleased, pours the milk into it. ARTIST jumps up, beats him with the trumpet, and drives him from the room, still pursuing him.

Enter ERNEST and CLARIBEL. She sits down in the chair, and he offers to paint her portrait, and pretends to paint on the brown cambric curtain, after looking at her very lovingly. After painting a few moments, he goes up to CLARIBEL and kneels, as if asking her to be his wife. The ARTIST enters, is very angry, and parts them, leading CLARIBEL out by one door and his son by the other. They seem very sad, and go very unwillingly. He begins to paint; ERNEST enters, and begs him to consent; he shakes his head, and stamps his foot as if very angry, and chases his son out.

SCENE II.

Same as before, except that CLARIBEL stands in the frame, and ERNEST gazes upon the picture with delight. The ARTIST enters; drags him away from the easel by the left hand. While their backs are turned away from the picture, CLARIBEL stoops behind the table and pushes up the picture of the cat into the frame in her place, so that when the ARTIST reproves ERNEST for painting the portrait of his love, they turn and behold the change. Both show surprise and fear, for whenever the ARTIST turns away the picture is altered; sometimes the young lady's face, and sometimes one of the other pictures appears. The ARTIST seems astonished, and gradually becomes much alarmed.

He passes by the statue of HERCULES, and is prostrated by a blow from his club; sitting upon the floor, he looks up and the statue is immovable. This action is repeated each time the ARTIST gets up, which may occur twice. ERNEST passes behind him, fastens the pin hook to his wig, and the ARTIST beholds it sailing through the air on the statue's fish-pole. He seems perfectly amazed, and points from one statue to the other, as if asking the reason for their strange behavior. ERNEST kneels, and places his hand on his heart, and points from the picture to the statues, as if to say that all will be right if he is allowed to have CLARIBEL, whose portrait now appears again in the frame. The ARTIST nods his assent. CLARIBEL comes out from behind the frame; ERNEST takes her hand, and shakes hands with each of the statues to show that they are confederates.

ERNEST and CLARIBEL kneel before the ARTIST in the centre of the room. He joins their hands, and holds his ear-trumpet above them as if in blessing. The statues bow and the curtain falls.

THE RIDDLE BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



On board of a steamer, at latitude, $40^{\circ} 35' N.$; longitude, $30^{\circ} 11'$ west from Greenwich, you can see the above.

A CHESS PUZZLE.

PERCY STARRE sends this ingenious chess puzzle, found pasted on the back of an old Chess Book. By beginning at the right word, and going from square to square as a knight moves, he has found eight lines of poetry.

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umphs	vic	with	on	the	hail	er	troops
lead	quer'd	price	rals	glo	ier	vic	thou
to	tri	the	man	his	gene	to	er
che	ed	won	of	on	by	than	less
his	ry	up	wars	y	blood	ring	ty
aid	while	mor	le	lone	tain	blood	na
hail	on	un	thou	phy	po	a	cer

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, a holy man or maid,
Sought peace in hermit cell;
My second, by the Norsemen bold,
Was thought in streams to dwell.
My third, in our surprise or joy,
Is but an exclamation;
My last in kirtle and in snood,
Is of the Scottish nation.
My whole has been to children dear
For many a Christmas season;
And if I fail to please them now,
I've neither rhyme nor reason.

QUERIES.

1. Out of what two words, containing not more than eleven letters, can you get over twenty pronouns?
2. Out of what word of five letters can you get eight verbs?

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Come, sister, with me, where the daisies grow;
If there's nothing to hinder, let us go;
But a little time we will stay.
There's a wood that's full of fairies and elves,
We can stay there awhile to rest ourselves;
It is only a little way.

"CULPRIT FAY" ENIGMA.

The whole, composed of 31 letters, shows what the Lily-King's throne stood upon.

My 17, 5, 11, 24, 2, was the name of the court where the culprit, Fay, was tried.

My 12, 4, 25, 19, was what the "shapes of air around him cast."

My 25, 1, 4, 16, 17, 18, was what his poor little wings were.

My 9, 3, 8, 24, 14, 26, 27, worked him much evil.

My 3, 23, 21, 3, 13, 24, 27, 29, was one of the creatures that "stunned his ears."

My 11, 30, 26, 18, shows how he went "to the beach again."

My 9, 28, 17, 6, 31, was his boat.

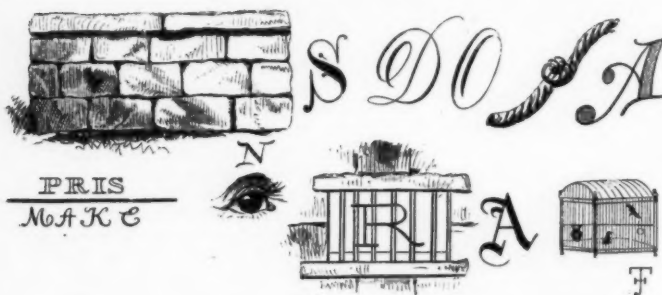
My 22, 20, 7, 18, was his steed.

My 27, 3, 10, 19, 15, 26, 18, was the complexion of said steed.

PARAPHRASE.

White parts of speech
churned cream negative equality clips.

REBUS, No. 3.



THREE EASY CHARADES.

1. My first is a part of the human frame;
My second an exercise or a game;
My whole a sin, a loss, and a shame.
2. Find my first, a feature, my second, a sphere,
And my whole a part of my first will appear.
3. My first is a verb in the present tense;
My second a verb in the past;
My whole is a pretty play, and hence
Some child will guess it at last.

TEN CONCEALED RIVERS.

Run, Ida, arouse Alfred, and tell him there is a horse in Ed's corn-field, a grizzly bear on his potato-patch in the yard, and one rather fat deer in the corner next to the barn, on the other side of the fence.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS.—"Old Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—A merry, merry Christmas.

CHARADE.—Patrimony.

SYNCOPE.—Peony pony.

CROSS WORD.—Glyptodon.

REBUS.—"A penny in pity may be a dollar in grace."

REBUS.—"Think well of the bridge that carries you safely over."

HIDDEN PARTS OF A BUILDING.—1.—Beam. 2.—Sash. 3.—Eaves. 4.—Cleft. 5.—Sill. 6.—Latch. 7.—Shelf. 8.—Post.

PUZZLE.—Chain, china, chin.

ELLIPSES.—1.—Mopes, poems. 2.—Stare, tears. 3.—Alert, alter. 4.—Sabre, bears. 5.—Words, sword. 6.—Snipe, pines. 7.—Horse, shore. 8.—Latent, talent.

STAR PUZZLE:

D O N T I P D E W
T A P P A T
W E D P I T N O D

DECAPITATION.—Glove, love.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Firefly.

Correct answers to puzzles in St. NICHOLAS have been received from L. Phelps, "Wrentham," Bessie Pedder, Saidie F. Davis,

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The 4th, with his 6th, awoke the 5th. Her husband rushed out of the 3d, seized the 2d, and with a 7th sent it at the offender's head; it stunned him, and 1st and 9th (combined) carried him 8th for dinner. The man tore his coat in the scuffle, and the 5th, having the perpendicular letters in her pocket, mended it for him.

DECAPITATIONS.

Fill the first blank with the complete word, and decapitate at each succeeding blank.

EXAMPLE.—He tried to — (1) himself for the — (2), but came within an — (3) of giving it up.
(1) brace, (2) race, (3) ace.

1. Hunting for my —
Made me very —
And I scarcely —
Anything —
2. If you subject — to — you may — it.
3. Please give the — the — meal — once.

PUZZLES.

1. I have wings and I fly, though I'm not called a bird.
2. I am part of a hundred (e'en more than the third).
3. I am "A Number 1" with the most of mankind.
4. In France and in Germany me you will find.
5. My fifth in your hand you may frequently see,
And my whole it is dreary and wretched to be.

Lettie Brown, Annie Groce, Gracie Reed, Joseph Bird, Minnie E. Thomas, Arthur G. S. Christine, F. B. N., Noddy Boffin, John B. Crawford, Jr., Frank B. Taylor, W. C. Ford and Frank S. Palfrey.

Answers to Riddles in December Number of "Our Young Folks."

187.—
T
D I D
T I B E R
D E N
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188.—Clock, lock, rock, sock.

189.—"Aim to cancel all base aspirations."

190.—London.

191.—Pin. Kin. Tin. Sin. Din. Win. Bin. Fin. Gin.

192.—The damask rose.

193.—Lake, bake, Jake, cake, make, rake, take.

194.—Mastodon.

195.—"Walter on a spree."

196.—
E N M A
M E A L
M A S T
A L T O

197.—Solomon.

198.—1.—Ebro. 2.—Dwina. 3.—Ganges. 4.—Loire. 5.—Parana.

199.—Caledonians.

200.—Continue.

Sophie and William Winslow send answers to every puzzle in the December number of "Our Young Folks," and all are correct excepting 196 and 197.

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EDWARD JENNER.

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